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CHRONICLE.

In Parliament. **ON** Friday night of last week Mr. SMITH announced the names of the members of the Labour Commission. The absence of Mr. DAVITT's name from the list was called by Mr. MCCARTHY a matter of "urgent definite public importance," and he asked leave to move the adjournment of the House. As only twenty-nine members took the same view of the omission, leave was not granted, which, as the Parnellite papers insist—not without some appearance of a case—is a proof of the impotence of the Anti-Parnellites. After reading the Middlesex Registry Bill for a third time, the House went into Committee on the Irish Land Purchase Bill. With the help of the closure it disposed of Mr. LABOUCHERE's amendment on the first clause to omit the word "guaranteed" before "land stock." Mr. LABOUCHERE, supported by Mr. GLADSTONE, was shocked at the prospect of trusting the Irish to comply with an obligation which could be enforced. The House ended the evening by practically, though not formally, voting, on the motion of Sir J. PEASE, that the Indian Government should be asked to give up the opium revenue, and by not saying how the loss of more than 5,000,000*l.* is to be made good.

On Monday night some miscellaneous work had to be done, over and above the rush of questions, before the House of Commons got to business on the Land Purchase Bill. At the request of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, Mr. SMITH explained what the Government meant to do in the way of establishing steam communication and building piers for the benefit of the Western Islands. He could not tell Mr. CONYBEARE that similar things are to be done for Cornwall. To Messrs. CONYBEARE and FENWICK he was able to say that it will be for the Royal Commission on Labour to decide whether its proceedings are to be public or not. On due provocation from Mr. SEXTON, Sir J. MOWBRAY gave his reasons for believing that Lord STALBRIDGE was acting in his capacity of Railway Director and not as a Peer when he expostulated with the Committee of Selection on the nomination to the Railway Rates Committee of gentlemen presumably prejudiced against railway companies. The SPEAKER explained to Sir J. PEASE that the House had not yet technically voted on his motion of Friday, and could hardly do so unless Government gave facilities. Mr. SMITH could not as yet promise that it would. Then the House got to Clause 1 of the Land Purchase Bill at last, and successively decided (1) against Mr. SMITH-BARRY that the guaranteed stock in which landlords are to be paid shall be supposed to be at par, and shall not be estimated at its real market price; (2) against Mr. KEAY that the tenant who has become possessor shall not be expected to pay something in addition to the purchase-money to the taxpayer who advanced the loan when the original amount is cleared off; (3) against Mr. P. STANHOPE that a report of the conditions of each advance shall not be made to the House and lie on the table thereof for thirty days; (4) it did not vote against an amendment of Mr. CONYBEARE's, because neither that legislator nor another could tell what it meant; (5) and after Mr. BALFOUR had promised quarterly returns, the House declined to insist that they should be accompanied by details of the arrears due six months before the arrangement was made.

On Tuesday the House of Lords met after the recess. Viscount CRANBROOK, speaking for the Marquess of SALISBURY, the Earls of KIMBERLEY, DERBY, and SELBORNE, on behalf of the Opposition or the Liberal Unionists, said the right and graceful things about Lord GRANVILLE. Then Lord KNUTSFORD, in answer to Lord KIMBERLEY, said that the Newfoundland Bill would not be taken before Monday,

and in answer to the question whether the delegates known to be on their way from the colony would be heard, pointed out that they could be heard even after the second reading. The House of Commons, after being informed that Mr. HOWELL would move for indefinite additions to the Labour Commission, and after reading for the first time a Bill to amend the law of divorce—the inevitable result of the fruitful Clitheroe decision—carried the Mail Ships Bill to its eighth clause. It then went on to the Land Purchase Bill, and disposed of ten more lines of Clause 1. Until seven o'clock the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER was engaged in repelling one after another the attack of Anti-Parnellites and Radicals whose object it is to ruin the Bill. These last, who were chiefly represented by Mr. SEYMOUR KEAY and Mr. H. FOWLER, were painfully concerned at the prospect that the "Guaranteed Stock" would entail a loss on the public, as it is to remain at 2½ when Consols have, according to Mr. GOSCHEN's Conversion scheme, been reduced to 2½. The Government, which wishes to form a special stock likely to remain at par, insists on paying the higher interest all through in order to keep up the price. It carried its point by a majority of 65. In the evening, Mr. A. ACLAND, silently supported by Mr. MORLEY, called attention to the unsatisfactory state of government in the rural districts, and moved for the reformation of Vestries and establishment of Parish Councils. Mr. HOBHOUSE moved an amendment to the effect that not Parish, but District, Councils were needed—which, as Mr. RITCHIE pointed out, is already the Government policy. The resolution was lost by 175 to 142; but, as Mr. RITCHIE had moved an amendment to Mr. HOBHOUSE's amendment, the debate was adjourned, and, like the opium and other questions, this one remains in the air.

On Wednesday afternoon the House read for the second time a Bill renewing and extending the Irish Sunday Closing Act of 1878—numbers 276 for, 31 against. The debate was diversified by a discourse on the wickedness of Tories by Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, a most Home Rule declaration from Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT that all parts of the United Kingdom should be treated alike by Parliament, by the condescending effusion with which Mr. PARNELL patted Mr. SEXTON on the back for protesting against the Bill, and by some very just remarks of his own on the inconsistency of English Home Rulers who put restrictions on Ireland without her express leave. Then, amid cheers and laughter, Mr. M. HEALY invited Mr. PARNELL to tread on the tail of his coat.

On Thursday night in the House of Lords, and at the instigation of Lord WINCHILSEA, the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord ESHER explained that they had neither intended nor foreseen the consequences of the Clitheroe decision. The Bishop of LONDON's Marriage Acts Amendment Bill was read a second time, after a warning from Lord GRIMTHORPE that all the works of bishops were to be regarded with suspicion. In the Commons, after some time had been wasted in listening to the sorrows of one ABDUL RASOUL, who was so left to himself as to accept "inspiration" from the member for Camborne, the House returned to Clause 1. of the Land Purchase Act. Mr. MORLEY moved an amendment that the Act should not be applied till County Councils had been set up in Ireland. Mr. PARNELL expressed his unwillingness to wait for a Land Bill till the Liberal party was in a position to give him one. The debate was talked out and adjourned.

The worst fears entertained as to the fate of Manipur. Mr. QUINTON and his fellow-prisoners were more than confirmed by information which was published on Monday. According to a story which reached Rangoon from Tummoo, they were deliberately killed—either shot, speared, or hacked to pieces—after the fighting

was over. According to another story which came by Kohima to Calcutta, the killing was done while the fight was still in progress. All witnesses agree that their bodies were treated with savage indignity. If the first version—which the *Times* gave as trustworthy, and which comes from its undoubtedly well-informed Correspondent in Burmah—is confirmed, it must be considered as proved that the massacre was the deliberate act of the SENAPUTTY, who ordered Mr. QUINTON to be hacked to death and two officers and a bugler to be speared by the hillmen. Mr. GRIMWOOD and two other officers were shot by the orders of the "Minister 'LINKANZINGLAW.'" With these reports came the news that Lieutenant GRANT, after holding the mud fort at Thobal with very slight loss until his ammunition was exhausted, had fallen back—by order, strangely enough—on Captain PRESCRAVE'S supports, and that both officers were at Tummo. Captain BOILEAU, the senior surviving English officer of the Manipur force, has sent a report of the disaster, from which it appears that the failure was due partly to the fact that our thatch-roofed residency was right under the walls of the JUBRAJ'S palace, and partly, it must be confessed, to want of firmness and unity on the part of the military and civil commanders. The fact that all the ammunition in the residency was for Martinis, while Mr. QUINTON'S escort carried Sniders, also explains much. In the meantime the chronic hill-fighting in Upper Burmah has been diversified by an attack in British territory on a Chinese caravan on the trade route between Bhamo and Yunnan. Chinese Kachyens made the attack, having come across the frontier for the express purpose. Both parties were sent off to fight it out on the other side—which they are reported to have done. On the very opposite extreme of India there is another Black Mountain force in the field, and Sir WILLIAM LOCKHART is in the Ahazai territory looking after the Miranzai hillmen, who are led by "fanatical 'preachers'"—which is no new thing—and are to be helped, according to one report, by the Afridis and other tribes who were friendly during our last expedition.

Foreign and Colonial Affairs. A long letter from Mr. BLAINE, in answer to one from the Italian Chargé d'Affaires, pointing out that a demand for justice on the lynchers in New Orleans was not a demand for their punishment without trial, has been published. It proves incidentally that the State Department at Washington is so ignorant as to put the title Don before a Spanish gentleman's surname, and that Mr. BLAINE both sticks to his first quibble, and then makes another, by elaborately comparing a former case of mob violence in New Orleans, in which the mob overpowered the authorities, with this last, in which it obviously acted with their connivance. Then Mr. BLAINE confesses that his parallel case is not parallel, and again says that if the authorities at New Orleans will do nothing, nothing can be done.—Having been expelled from public life as the EMPEROR'S servant, Prince BISMARCK re-enters it as Parliamentary politician. He has been returned far at the head of the poll, though he has not an absolute majority over his combined Social-Democrat, Radical, and GUELPH competitors at Geestemünde.—The will of Prince NAPOLEON is published, and turns out to be a more respectable document than was expected.—On Saturday the EMPEROR of AUSTRIA opened the newly-elected Reichsrath at Vienna with a speech which contained the usual quieting assurance that all the powers are anxious to keep the peace—of which assurance the exact value is shown by the accompanying announcement of increases in the Russian army in Poland. He also made a much-needed recommendation of concord to the members of the Reichstag, who are divided in such a way that the formation of a majority is impossible.—In Chili the insurgents have obtained possession of the Northern provinces of Tacna and Arica, and have extinguished the Government forces in that region. The French Government has raised the embargo on the Chilean warships, but forbids the enlistment of French crews to take them to Chili, while the English Government refuses to recognize the blockade of the northern ports.—President BALMACEIDA is sending an envoy of the ominous name of GODOY to Europe to represent his case, and, if possible, raise money.—In Serbia, King MILAN has accepted 1,000,000 francs down and 300,000 francs per annum, as the consideration for which he will take himself off.—At the end of last week the Australasian Convention at Sydney accepted the Draft of a Constitution for the Australian Commonwealth, which now only requires the approval of

the Imperial Government, which is not likely to be refused, and of the separate Colonial Governments.—The refusal of the Newfoundlanders to sell bait to Canadian fishermen has had serious consequences to the Canadian cod fleet. It has not unnaturally called out threats of retaliation from the Dominion.

Labour and Wages. On Tuesday it was announced that the Shipping Federation had decided to use the shilling fee paid for its tickets to form an insurance fund for the benefit of the heirs of men in its employ who are lost at sea. Concurrently with this report of the advance in organisation made by the employers came reports of the doings of another kind of Labour Leader at Bradford. In that town the strike at the Manningham Silk Mills, carefully fostered by professional agitators, led on Monday night to a serious riot, which was only quelled by the military, and has been renewed.

Elections. There is this week going on in various stages in different places what may almost be called a full-dress rehearsal of a general election. No less than six constituencies—all of them, unluckily, Conservative or Liberal Unionist—are vacant by death or promotion—the City, the Harborough Division of Leicestershire, the Woodstock Division of Oxfordshire, in South Dorset; Whitehaven, and the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk. Except in this last, which has just been vacated by the death of Mr. GREENE, and in the City, which will not be contested, no opposition being even attempted to Mr. H. H. GIBBS, fighting has already begun. The Stowmarket Division will also be contested.

Speeches and Letters. Parliament being back to the collar, outside eloquence has been modified, though not quite suspended. Lord R. CHURCHILL, by way, perhaps, of departing in peace, gave the House of Commons quite a good character on Saturday. Speaking at the Liberal Union Club, on Tuesday, Sir HENRY JAMES insisted on the influence which the Church and the Clan-na-Gael will have in the coming Irish election. The Duke of CONNAUGHT spoke during the week at the meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society. At the close of the week, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, Mr. RITCHIE, Colonel SAUNDERSON, and Sir C. TUPPER have also spoken. Last Saturday Lord LILFORD made a very proper protest against a certain person, signing himself "Don Caesar," who wrote asking the universe to tell him how he could most conveniently poison the largest possible number of wild birds. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, in the *Times*, wrote a severe criticism on some remarks which Mr. P. STANHOPE had made on Mr. JESSE COLLINGS. Mr. P. STANHOPE answered in effect that a person whose taste is so deplorably bad as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN'S—he has actually called some of his colleagues in the House of Commons paid patriots and a kept party—has no right to complain when his friends are accused of puffing themselves, and of jobbery.

Miscellaneous. Lady ZETLAND and her party have brought their tour in the West of Ireland to an end. From the rest of Ireland we hear only of mutual recrimination and head-breaking among patriots, enlivened by a delightful expression of disgust by the Anti-Parnellite papers at the unfeeling conduct of the police in preparing a "midnight surprise" for the Ennis moonlighters.—On Tuesday a compromise, on which we comment elsewhere, was effected between the Post Office and the Boy Messenger Companies.—Mr. HENN COLLINS, Q.C., has been chosen for the vacant judgeship.—On Saturday a deputation of sailors waited on the PRESIDENT of the BOARD of TRADE to ask whether he could not do something to check the improper use of those respectable letters A.B. Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH was not hopeful. It would, indeed, be another world if unqualified persons were not allowed to take the designation A.B. or cook (good plain) in vain.

Sport, &c. The Newmarket Craven Meeting has provided racing during almost the whole of the week. There have been competitions for the Public School Racquet Championship, and the Amateur Billiard Championship. The former falls, after play which has contained many surprises, to Wellington—for the first time.

Obituary. At the beginning of the week there were almost simultaneously announced the deaths of Colonel HAMBRO, M.P. for South Dorset, and of Mr. TAPLING, M.P. for the Harborough Division of Leicestershire. Mr. E. GREENE, M.P. for the Stowmarket Division of Suffolk, died on Wednesday. Mr. KEELEY

HALSWELLE was chiefly known as a landscape painter, whose cleverness nobody denied. Captain MACKENZIE, who died suddenly in a hotel at New York, was a chess-player of note. The death of the Grand Duchess OLGA has been attended by circumstances which have caused some sensation and scandal.

THE LAND PURCHASE BILL.

ALTHOUGH there has been little more than a week's discussion in Committee on the Irish Land Purchase Bill, the tactics of the Opposition have pretty plainly declared themselves. Of these tactics there are varieties corresponding in number to the fragments into which the once solid phalanx of Gladstonian Separatism has been broken up. The Parnellites evidently intend to offer as little hindrance as possible to the passing of the Bill; the Anti-Parnellites will oppose it as much as they dare; and the Radicals, with the covert support of the Front Opposition Bench, will obstruct it as much as they can. The first of the three sections, therefore, will talk no more than is needful for the advocacy of *bond fide* amendments; the second will cease talking when they see danger of being denounced to the Irish tenantry by Mr. PARNELL; the third will in all probability go on talking till they are stopped by the Closure. These respective attitudes were admirably illustrated on the second night of debate in Committee on Clause 1. Here the evening's proceedings were opened by Mr. LABOUCHERE with the delivery of what the CHIEF SECRETARY described with perfect accuracy as an "elaborate second-reading speech," leaving untouched no topic touched upon in the prolonged debates of last year, including the question of the "necessity for land purchase, and the advantages and disadvantages of landlordism and dual ownership." Mr. BALFOUR—amid protests from those sticklers for respect to the Chair, the colleagues of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT—hinted a doubt whether the speech of the member for Northampton was strictly in order; and upon that we may allow ourselves to remark, with all deference to Mr. COURTNEY, that if all Mr. LABOUCHERE's observations were regular, Mr. CHANNING should go to him to learn "how to do it." For, whereas the former speaker was allowed to denounce the Bill, at considerable length, as "making Home Rule impossible," the latter, when he complained of the Bill as designed to prevent Ireland "getting control over her own affairs," was informed from the Chair that "the line of argument was not applicable to the question before the Committee." Thanks, however, to the subtle distinguishing faculty which Mr. COURTNEY appears to possess, Mr. LABOUCHERE got off his long speech, and gave Mr. GLADSTONE an opportunity of declaring—for the first time, as we believe, since the introduction of the measure, though the matter is plainly vital to its principle—that he was prepared to support his lieutenant (or shall we say his Mayor of the Palace?) in resisting the proposal to give the creditors of the tenants purchasing under the Bill the security of an Imperial guarantee. On the other hand, the amendment was opposed by the Parnellite Colonel NOLAN, while Mr. HEALY, faithfully representing the position of the Anti-Parnellites, indemnified himself for his inability to support Mr. LABOUCHERE and Mr. GLADSTONE on the guarantee question by abusing the Government for their mode of dealing with an entirely different part of the arrangement. And as it was in this early debate, so it has been in subsequent discussion. Mr. PARNELL's followers speak for the Bill and vote with the Government. Mr. HEALY's party have, as a rule, to vote with the Government, but whenever possible speak against the Bill. The LABOUCHERES, and CONYBEARES, and KEAYS below the gangway, with an occasionally helping hand from a FOWLER or so on the Front Bench, speak and vote persistently against the Bill, and have already buried the first clause under a positive mountain of amendments.

The last discussion which can be said to have been worthy of serious notice was that respecting the Imperial guarantee. This does not, of course, apply to Mr. LABOUCHERE's part in it, or, indeed, to that of any other of his Radical associates. Their position is the simple, intelligible, and disgraceful one that the Irish landlords should be compelled to take all the risks of what is virtually an enforced sale of property which the State has partially confiscated already, and the residue of which it is unwilling to protect. If the operation can be accomplished with-

out loss so much the better for the landlord; if loss there must be it is the landlords, and not the nation, which has practically forced the transaction on them, who should bear the loss. That, we say, is Mr. LABOUCHERE's position, and it is one obviously easy to defend—as easy as the good old rule, the simple plan, which aroused the poet WORDSWORTH to unwonted enthusiasm. Given the principle that the State may legitimately distribute the property of one class among another, and it follows as the night the day that it would be unjust to the subjects of that State to expose them to any pecuniary risk whatever for the benefit of the dispossessed class. Mr. GLADSTONE's position is widely different from that of Mr. LABOUCHERE. Although he has, it is true, concluded an alliance with the party of public plunder, he has never gone quite so far as to contend that the State should in its corporate capacity embrace their principles. Even his confiscations of rent have never been justified as such; he has always attempted to bring them within the justification of the maxim that exchange is no robbery, and has endeavoured to represent the landlords as obtaining a full equivalent to the reduction of their income in the enhanced security and consequently increased value of the property out of which these incomes arise. The material absurdity of this contention does not affect its formal value, and, futile though it has been as a defence of the legislation, it sufficiently covers the principles of the legislator. Mr. GLADSTONE, that is to say—unlike Mr. LABOUCHERE and his friends—has never held that the Imperial Parliament may with propriety rob even an Irish landlord, and, not so holding, he formerly felt it his duty to insure them against being robbed of the purchase-money of their estates by giving to the debt the security of an Imperial guarantee. He now resists the same proposal when brought forward by his adversaries, and he does so on the ground that the country, when appealed to in 1886, pronounced against any pledging of Imperial credit to a transaction of land purchase. Mr. BALFOUR's reply to this—that the country pronounced, not against the principle in question, but against one particular application of it, and protested, not against Imperial credit being "used," but against its being "imperilled"—may be regarded as quite conclusive and sufficient for all party purposes. But the moral issue involved in this dispute—and surely Mr. GLADSTONE, if great on anything, is great on moral issues—is quite untouched by the question whether the country did or did not condemn the principle of guarantee. For, curiously enough, and indeed with something less than his usual dialectical astuteness, he went out of the way to describe his own Land Purchase Bill as one which "without risk to the British Exchequer conferred a boon on Ireland which was demanded by justice." The constituencies, however, having declared, according to Mr. GLADSTONE, that they will not sanction the concession of this just demand, he rises in his place in the House of Commons to speak, and to announce his intention of voting against its being conceded. Did ever the fiercest satirist of democracy succeed like this most pious of its devotees in exposing the deformity of the idol?

With the division on the question of the guarantee the *bond fide* opposition to the first clause of the Bill may be said with substantial accuracy to have exhausted itself. Except for the intervention of Mr. HENRY FOWLER, with an amendment which was possibly suggested by honest financial crotchet, and the debate—adjourned from Thursday night—on Mr. MORLEY's proposal to give certain non-existent bodies a veto on purchases, the subsequent discussion has been simply animated, on the Opposition side of the House, by a combination of illegitimate motions, the desire to obstruct the progress of the Bill, and the desire to despoil the landlords of some part of their property, some confiscation of the whole of it. This is poor work, and one is not surprised to see that it was allowed to fall into inferior hands. It is, indeed, somewhat in the nature of a descent from piracy to pocket-picking, and Mr. LABOUCHERE, who would gladly dispossess the existing owners of land in Ireland without any compensation at all, would not apparently stoop to introduce, though it is true that he was not alone in voting for, proposals to juggle them out of part of the purchase-money by paying them in depreciated securities. Hence the task of attempted spoliation on a pettifogging scale has been left to Mr. LABOUCHERE's followers, and the debate has declined upon Mr. KEAY and Mr. CONYBEARE—the former of whom labours under the avowed incapacity to express, and the latter under the manifest

inability to comprehend, the meaning of his own amendments. Neither of them, however, is troubled with any doubt as to the superiority of his opinion on a financial point to that of the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER. Much the greater part of the debates on the proposal, renewed in various forms, to lower the rate of interest on the stock on which the landlords are to receive payment, has been carried on upon the Opposition side of the House by a number of persons whose opinion on a question of finance no one even among their political associates would think of listening to for a moment on its own merits. They are allowed, or rather encouraged by their associates, to air their financial views on the good old ground that "any stick will do to beat a dog with." On the other hand, the dog if wantonly attacked is justified in seizing and disabling the stick; under which figure we would convey the recommendation that these amateur financiers should be, with the allowance of a very little more rope to them, reduced to silence.

"THAT CONFOUNDED WITNESS-BOX."

IT is a commonplace with those who really know the English jury—and to know it is to admire it—that its reasons for its verdicts can never be so good as its verdicts, and have often proved, when accidentally revealed, to be exceedingly bad. For instance, it occasionally, though not often, happens that juries toss up. No method of decision could, one would say, if one reasoned *a priori*, be much less satisfactory, but one always finds that in fact the verdicts so arrived at meet the requirements of justice to a nicety. That is not because tossing up is a good way of discovering the truth, but because it is a jury that tosses up. And whenever the secrets of deliberation are revealed, it is found that the sound verdict sprang from individually foolish talk. It may be more doubtful whether the reasons juries have for not finding verdicts are equally unsatisfactory. One cannot but rejoice with the RECORDER that it was not necessary to wring a verdict from the jury who declared that "Ten of us are agreed; but the other two decline to agree while they have breath in their bodies." Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS felt himself bound to "prevent a tragedy"; and the two dissentients, who must, one would think, be Irish Nationalists of rival schools, left the Court alive. As a rule, nevertheless, it is not well for a jurymen to declare what passed between him and his colleagues. It is still worse for somebody else to say what he heard one jurymen say to another, because it introduces another possibility of error into his proposition. It is worst of all when somebody else says he heard said by a jurymen something which no member of the jury said, and that is the indiscretion which was committed at the Old Bailey in the early part of the week.

The too sharp-eared eavesdropper of the occasion—an involuntary eavesdropper of course—was Mr. LE VOI, and what he heard (though it was not said) would be too shocking to print in full, even if we knew exactly what it was. This is how it is reported: "The — fool of a judge seems a friend of MORLEY'S." We hasten to say that if any one of the jury had made use of this appalling phrase, and none of them did, he would not have intended to convey the idea that Sir THOMAS CHAMBERS, who happened to be the presiding judge on this occasion also, had any lawless sympathy with the hero of the Tipperary riots, or even that he honoured the member for Newcastle with his friendship. The MORLEY who would have been in question if any such reprehensible observation had been made was not MORLEY, Mr. JOHN, but a person bearing the comparatively meretricious names of SAMUEL VICTOR, who had been convicted by the jury aforesaid of an offence described by the ingenious reporter as "obtaining title-deeds with intent to defraud." He seems to have meant obtaining by false pretences. According to the sad tale of Mr. LE VOI, he had overheard the remark already quoted while he stood in the witness-box, with his back to the jury, testifying in the matter of the false pretences. He heard it from the jury-box, and he swore that he heard it; the suggestion of MORLEY's counsel being that it showed a prejudged resolve on the part of somebody in the jury-box to convict MORLEY whether or no. The foreman of the jury, who was seated close to the witness-box, averred solemnly that he had heard no such sinful expression; and the twelve good men declared with emphasis, one after the other, that they had not, nor had any of them, used any such words. The

RECORDER said he did not hear it, and added that if any one said it he forgave him. Then the foreman said that it was harassing to be charged with insulting a judge and violating an oath when you were gratuitously performing a public duty, and another juror made the cryptic declaration that "it looks very much as if we were in New Orleans," and "friends of the accused" in the gallery "shouted 'Shame!' 'Infamous!' and such expressions." Altogether, it appears to have been an exciting episode.

We are, of course, bound to believe that Mr. LE VOI did not perjure himself when he swore to having heard the sinful sentence impugning at once the impartiality of the speaker and of "the — fool of a judge." We are quite as much bound to believe the gentlemen of the jury, who did not say anything of the kind. The result is that an irresponsible voice muttered in Mr. LE VOI's ear, and made itself sound to him as if it was the voice of a jurymen. The event is deplorable; but the blame seems to lie, since it must lie somewhere, on the upholstery of the court. In a distantly analogous affair related by BOCCACCIO a pear-tree was held to be in fault, and was cut down in consequence. The difficulty in the present case will be to decide whether it is the jury-box or the witness-box that ought to share the fate of the pear-tree. Perhaps it would be safest to have them both removed.

INDIA.

THE familiar complaint that Englishmen will not attend to Indian affairs would certainly have some justification if it could be applied during the present week. What with Manipur, the troubles on the North-West frontier, and the eccentric muddle in the House of Commons in reference to the opium matter, India must be admitted, for a mere country of some hundreds of millions of inhabitants, which is also only the greatest dependency that any European country ever had, to have done not badly. The hostilities on the Miranzai frontier are more troublesome—or, rather, might be much more troublesome—than those in Manipur; and it is not to be forgotten that the everlasting Black Mountain, a good deal higher up the Indus, is also a scene of trouble. No man alive is better able to cope with trouble of this kind than Sir W. LOCKHART; but the assembling of so large a force as eight thousand men at Kohat shows what is thought of the matter. A Jihad is certainly being preached; but there are Jehads and Jehads, and it entirely depends on how many of the frontier tribes join whether the matter is of the first importance or only a trifle. At the same time, it cannot be denied that the whole condition of this North-Western frontier is unsatisfactory in the extreme. It provides, indeed, an excellent school for our troops, both native and English, who are never likely to have much pluckier or tougher adversaries to contend with than these Pathan tribes. But the constant expeditions against them cost a vast amount of blood and money, and it is not certain that in these days, when every petty outbreak or inroad is telegraphed to all parts of India and the world, the unruliness of our neighbours does our prestige any good. On the other hand, many stout advocates of a forward policy have cried "God forbid!" at the notion of attempting to subjugate the Afghan borderland and the *terra incognita* between the Indus and the Hindu Koosh. And so between "let alone" and "not let alone" we find ourselves in constant and considerable straits.

As for Manipur itself, though a great deal of in part very lamentable intelligence has been received, it is not surprising that the VICEROY himself has been obliged to "infer" the actual course of events. Nobody seems even yet to have been able to give a consistent or coherent story of this strange disaster, and Captain BOILEAU's report, on which HIS EXCELLENCY exercised his powers of inference, seems to take it for granted that the VICEROY knew what nobody does know—that is to say, what happened before the fatal resolution of Mr. QUINTON to trust not merely himself, but the Commander of the forces and the British Resident, unarmed, to Manipuri good faith. We do not know why Colonel SKENE, after objecting, as any military man would, to the fatal parley, not only waived his objections but left his men to take part in it. We know that no order of *sauf qui peut* was given, or could have been given by Mr. QUINTON; that he and his companions were brutally killed, and that Captain BOILEAU and some of his command retreated in good order. But even then the

report says nothing about the strength either of the Residency garrison or of that part of it which made its way out. As we hinted last week, there is at least a possibility that the Ghoorkas did kill some women and children; but we are told that this happened "in the attack on the palace," about which Captain BOILEAU says nothing. Unfortunately, too, the blundering does not seem to have ended with the retreat. It is impossible to understand the reason of the delay in the advance from Tummo, and especially the recall of Lieutenant GRANT from the position at Thobal, which he had so gallantly won and held. We are told that Sir FREDERICK ROBERTS "sanctioned" an immediate attack on Manipur, and nobody who knows anything about the Indian Commander-in-Chief will doubt it. Whether he would ever have "sanctioned" the throwing away of such an advantage as that which the young officer to whom he has sent his congratulations had gained, may be the subject of much greater doubt. Meanwhile the excellent M. BONVALOT, the French explorer, who not long ago owed his liberty and most probably his life to the interference of the English authorities, illustrates a celebrated proverb of his own country about *oindre* and *poindre*, by assuring French interviewers that "what the British want is to exterminate the Indians," to "perpetrate massacres that will never be known." Besides, M. BONVALOT will guarantee that "we have another means" of suppression—namely, a pecuniary one. "*L'or anglais*" in short; an old trick, M. BONVALOT, but always good, is it not? It is, indeed, not less certain that if an Englishman wins a battle it is by his accursed guineas (which, by the way, M. BONVALOT found very useful at Gilgit) than that if a Frenchman loses one he has been betrayed.

We are told that the idiotic vote of about four-sevenths of considerably less than half the House of Commons yesterday week—in terms less resembling those which beset unhappy youth when examined, of less than a quarter of the whole House—on the subject of the opium traffic has "excited astonishment, almost consternation," in India. If our countrymen in the Land of Regrets are still able to feel astonishment at anything that even a majority, much more a small minority, of a modern House of Commons may do, we can only envy them the delightful freshness of their feelings. As the House of Commons is at present constituted, we can hardly conceive a motion, however preposterous, which might not have a chance of scoring such a victory as Sir JOSEPH PEASE's motion did not actually score on Friday week. Independently of the sheer fanatic and the common fool—neither of which classes is exactly unrepresented in the House—there is the man who thinks nothing will come of it, and that he may as well vote to please some person or persons in his constituency, the man who sees an occasion for giving a check to the Government, and many others. They muster on an off-night, the Government is caught napping, and the thing is done. As it was done on this particular occasion, there was additional reason for the flocking together of such confederates. By Sir JOSEPH PEASE's rather unexpected consent to "assure the people of India of an annual grant" equal to the deficit to be caused by his proposal, the proposition was put in such a form that some at least of the classes above referred to must have been specially tempted to win an almost gratuitous popularity with the faddists. The British public is foolish at times, and it once worked itself up to the point of throwing away twenty millions over slavery; but it is hardly likely to throw away many times that sum (which the capitalized value of the opium revenue would be) to satisfy such a crotchet as this. Dr. FARQUHARSON from one side and Sir RICHARD TEMPLE from the other disposed of what may be called the bogey part of the matter very fairly; and as for Mr. SAMUEL SMITH and his Christianity, Christianity, thank Heaven! is not come to such a pass that we must take Mr. SAMUEL SMITH's estimate of it. That opium when taken does considerably less harm than it is often represented as doing, that nobody is obliged to take it or to take too much of it, that taxation of luxuries is the soundest possible form of taxation, and that India, of all countries, is not the country to be saddled with some six millions of extra taxation, not on luxuries, are truths which only the obstinate will refuse, or the foolish be unable to entertain. Indeed, it might be argued that there is not the slightest reason why the Government should go out of its way to take the question down from the peg where the chapter of accidents, assisted by Mr. HEALY, hung it up. According to the SPEAKER's lucid and interesting account on Monday, nothing was ever so thoroughly in what may be called an intermediate state as this resolution, which is neither alive

nor dead, neither blessed nor damned. The House had expressed no opinion of it as a substantive motion, but only as an amendment; and, further, it could not come on again without the other amendment as to making up the deficit on its back. In this muddle it might well be left—as its father, Sir JOSEPH, satiate with his victory, seems, from his letter to the *Daily News*, content to leave it—unless, of course, Mr. SMITH's original suggestion to Sir JOSEPH be taken as an honourable engagement to bring the matter somehow or other to substantive decision. In that case we humbly suggest that the best form of resolution would be:—"That the present method of collecting the opium revenue in India do cease from the day on which persons in England who conscientiously object thereto shall have subscribed, in the hands of the Commissioners of the National Debt, a sum of money sufficient to diminish the debt of the Government of India by a sum the yearly interest of which shall equal the said revenue on an average of seven years past." A hundred and fifty millions, or a little less, would do it.

INTEREST AND PARTIALITY.

THE curious correspondence between Lord STALBRIDGE and Sir JOHN MOWBRAY suggests a good many reflections, some trivial and personal, others political and important. In the former class may be mentioned the rather odd fact that it was Lord STALBRIDGE, and not Sir JOHN MOWBRAY, who sent these letters to the *Times*. When a man has been snubbed for impertinence he does not usually proclaim his fate upon the house-top. Nor is it generally supposed that discipline of this kind is more agreeable when administered by a familiar friend. Moreover, Lord STALBRIDGE, before he joined the "proud and haughty Barons of England," was "commonly called" Lord RICHARD GROSVENOR, and performed useful functions in the Lower House. He ought to know that House as well as anybody, and Sir JOHN MOWBRAY individually most of all. The House of Commons is not altogether free from the influence of party spirit. But if any one wishes temporarily to allay that disturbing element, and to witness a touching spectacle of Parliamentary unity, let him persuade a peer to threaten its privileges, or intervene in its proceedings. Sir JOHN MOWBRAY is an excellent Conservative of orthodox tendencies, who as a general rule believes in everything he ought and nothing he ought not. But if he has a fault, it is an idolatrous worship of the House in general, and the Committee of Selection in particular. Understanding these things, though apparently not recollecting them, Lord STALBRIDGE deliberately sat down and wrote a letter to Sir JOHN, the plain English of which is that the Committee of Selection had packed their part of a Joint Committee for executing solemn and equal justice between the railway Companies and the commercial classes of the country. This awful insinuation had its natural effect. Sir JOHN is incapable of discourtesy, even to a usurping peer. But he is capable of brevity, and he reduced his reply to the severest possible compass. He would, perhaps, have pleased some of his colleagues more if he had not replied at all. There was really nothing to be said, inasmuch as the solitary grievance of which Lord STALBRIDGE, on behalf of the railway Companies, had any right to complain had been removed before he wrote. Mr. COLMAN, who is said to be so rich because people will help themselves to more mustard than they want, is a petitioner against one of the Bills referred to the Joint Committee, and was not, therefore, a proper person to sit as something like a judge in what is, to some extent, his own case. It might have occurred to an old Whip that such an objection must be discovered, and was obviously fatal. Mr. COLMAN raised it himself, and it was, of course, immediately recognized as valid. Lord STALBRIDGE thought fit to criticize the opinions expressed by another member of the Committee in a book, and the evidence given by a third at an official inquiry in Ireland. If Mr. HUNTER and Mr. DICKSON had been disqualified on such speculative grounds as these, we should be drawn step by step to the logical conclusion that the only proper member of any Committee was a man with no knowledge of any subject, and no opinion upon any question.

The Duke of WELLINGTON, in refusing to accept the dedication of a poem, explained, with a quaint mixture of pathos and brutality, that he was "much exposed to

"authors." The DUKE was Chancellor of Oxford, and otherwise a person with things to give away, so that his experience in this respect is not surprising. But that Sir JOHN MOWBRAY should be similarly beset excites some astonishment. Serving on Committees is, one would suppose, rather a bore than otherwise to the average member of the House of Commons. But it seems that there are Committees and Committees, and that some Committees are so desirable that Sir JOHN actually receives "Prize Essays" as inducements to favour their authors with seats. But Sir JOHN, though industrious, is practical, and "responsible to his Creator for the use of his time," as Lord ELLENBOROUGH said when he fled precipitately from the eloquence of a brother Peer. He did not, therefore, deem it meet to read Mr. HUNTER's learned treatise on Roman Law before appointing him to revise railway rates. The fact is that the whole question of interest, real or supposed, has fallen into a somewhat confused and chaotic state. Mr. COLMAN's case is a clear one enough, and may be put at one end of the scale. At the other end we may set the indictment of the county of Middlesex by the county of Surrey for not repairing a bridge, which could not be tried until a Special Commissioner had been created by Act of Parliament to try it, because all the judges lived in Middlesex, except one, and he lived in Surrey. The Joint Committee on Railway Rates is, no doubt, a quasi-judicial body. The Provisional Orders which it has to consider embody recommendations made by the Board of Trade, and will, when sanctioned by Parliament, become law. Their decisions must, therefore, affect the dividends of shareholders and the profits of traders. The Royal Commission on Labour has, of course, no legal authority, and its Report will be only in the nature of good advice. But we must presume that the Government issued it with a practical object, intending that, if it recommends legislation, such legislation shall be proposed, and, if possible, carried. Yet a great many of the Commissioners are avowedly interested persons, partisans on one side or the other, not merely because they hold certain abstract views, but because they belong to particular classes or callings. Surely it would have been much simpler and better to select a few able and competent men unconnected with labour and capital alike, and to leave them to do their duty unmolested by others. It would be impossible to select better men of the right kind than have actually been selected; but they have been, if not swamped by, very unequally yoked together with, others. Capitalists and labourers are necessary witnesses, but prejudiced Commissioners. The heterogeneous mob which has been brought together by endeavouring to represent everything and everybody may have to be dispersed (after the Riot Act has been read) without having agreed upon a Report.

FROM ROME TO SOFIA.

AFTER a very considerable interval of comparative quiet the prophets of evil and the quidnuncs generally are busying themselves about the prospects of European peace. The chief ostensible and immediate excuse for this is, of course, the change in the general policy and behaviour of Italy which has followed the downfall of Signor CRISPI. For a Ministry which entered upon office with such slight prospects of life as those which welcomed the Marchese di RUDINI's advent to power, it must be admitted that it has at least succeeded in being talked about, and in striking out a line of some independence. If it has receded somewhat from Signor CRISPI's colonial activities, and has displayed an almost contemptible spirit of retrenchment in such matters as the Government subvention to the Genoese festival in honour of COLUMBUS, design and luck together have combined to give it the appearance of a spirited foreign policy at, for the present, small expense. And the Marchese has, to the not small disgust of his French friends, posed his friendship for England as the very corner-stone of his political edifice. The Mafia incident at New Orleans has not merely enabled the Italians to take up a line at once correct and not unimposing, without fastening on them the necessity of any costly or dangerous action, but may possibly be the cause of an important constitutional alteration in one of the chief non-European countries. Mr. BLAINE's attorneyisms may postpone this result, but are not likely to preclude it altogether; for there are nations more peremptory than England and more powerful than Italy. Even as it is, it is absurd to talk of Italy being "the weaker Power." She could sink every American ship, and destroy

or hold to ransom almost every American port, while the United States simply could not get at her or hers. On the other hand, Italy's attitude towards the Triple Alliance has become a matter of general interest, and the competition for her between the two great groups into which Continental Europe is divided has grown keen. The hubbub which has been made about the appointment (itself it seems a *canard*) of Signor VISCONTI VENOSTA as Ambassador to Paris is partly factitious, no doubt; but, like other things of the kind, it testifies to a real interest in the matter that has excited it. And it is now positively said that the Alliance will be renewed even before the due time. It was, indeed, always impossible to see what the RUDINI Government had to gain except in the way of gratifying the natural fancy of a Southern people for change, and acquiring for itself the reputation of an independent policy by deserting the Triple Alliance for the friendship of France. The alleged possibilities of diminishing the burden of armaments are not very discernible. If Italy does not keep up her navy she will cease to be a desirable offensive ally for either the opposed parties in Central Europe; if she does not keep up her army it will be quite as dangerous for her to have to expect invasion from the North-East as it is under the Triple Alliance to have to expect invasion from the North-West. If friendship with Austria forbids her to hope for Trent and Dalmatia, friendship with France obliges her to acquiesce in the dishonourable surrender of Nice and Savoy. And, lastly, while the old hatred of the Tedesco is growing weaker every day, and would soon expire altogether unless in the case of the reappearance of the Germans as masters of Italian soil, the dislike between Northern Italians and Southern Frenchmen is active, persistent, and growing. Nor should it be forgotten that the tenure of office by the present Italian Government is anything but a secure one.

It is not surprising, however, that some anxieties should be felt in Central Europe on the matter. To no European power can the alliance of Italy be so valuable as to Germany and Austria. It strengthens them offensively in the very point—the navy—where they are weakest, and it guards effectively an immense stretch of frontier, defensible, indeed, but only with a great force. It is scarcely an exaggeration to say that with Italy friendly, the Austro-German alliance can devote to offence or defence elsewhere men to be counted, not by tens, but by hundreds of thousands, who would otherwise be necessarily held in garrison or on observation duty. In the rhetorical style, it might be said that nothing from the falls of the Rhine to the mouth of the Danube need trouble Germany and her ally in such a case, and that in the opposite event only the neutrality of Switzerland and the more doubtful neutrality of the Balkan States would free an Austrian statesman's gaze in the same direction from anxiety. The manifold vulnerability of Austria is, indeed, the weakest point of the alliance, though no doubt Germany herself would be even more exposed if Austria were unfriendly.

It is, however, certain that no disturbance of the peace is likely to take place without the first step being taken by Russia; and therefore to Russia, as usual, the eyes of apprehension are chiefly turned. There is, as has been frequently pointed out, no valid cause for this apprehension in the movements of troops, of which so much is made from time to time. A huge army must be quartered and manœuvred somewhere, and it is most naturally manœuvred and quartered in the places where it is most likely to be used. Although the Russian railway system is not quite so much of a network as that of some other countries, it is fairly sufficient, and if Russia cherished nefarious designs of sudden breach, she would be rather less than more likely to advertise them by massing troops, and so announcing that she was going to begin. The Galician frontier may be the point to look to when war begins; the things to look at before it begins are the state of Russia at home, and the state of the Balkan and Danubian kingdoms and principalities abroad. Very little authentic intelligence is obtainable about the late rumoured plots against the CZAAR's life, but the mere rumours are a somewhat unfavourable symptom. For they are either true or not; and if not true, they have been invented either by friends or by enemies of the Government. If they are true, or if they have been invented by what may be called the Russian Opposition, it shows that the Nihilists are again active; if the rumour is fostered by the Government, it shows that there is a desire to get up that patriotic feeling which in Russia always vents itself by pugnacity abroad. Further south there is much less

need of ifs and ans. The Russophil party in Roumania has always been very strong, though the new kingdom owes the old Empire small gratitude, one would think. Servia would seem to be less devoted to her distant but dangerous friend than of old, and the Serbian Government appears to be making real efforts, on the one hand, to settle the very unseemly quarrel between the late sovereigns, and to get rid of them both; on the other, to develop the considerable internal resources of the country. King MILAN, as usual, would, it seems, be amenable for a consideration; Queen NATALIE not so. But it is in Bulgaria that the true importance of the situation lies. Except those ingenious Russian journalists who pay to M. STAMBOULOFF's intrepidity the extremely handsome, though doubtless unintentional, compliment of asserting that he hired several murderers to shoot miscellaneously at a person who was walking all but arm-in-arm with himself, nobody has the slightest doubt that the assassins of M. BELTCHOFF were in Russian pay. Not, of course, that the CZAR hired them directly, or that any one who bears the CZAR's commission necessarily did so. But that if Russia—that is to say, the CZAR—made up her mind to treat Bulgaria with ordinary fairness and decency, such attempts would never be heard of, is as certain as that while she maintains her present attitude to Prince FERDINAND they will be heard of. Hitherto M. STAMBOULOFF's luck and his pluck have got the better of his enemies; but there is always an unpleasant risk that the bullet may find its intended billet some day, and then it is by no means certain what would become of Bulgaria. No second politician of anything like M. STAMBOULOFF's combined ability, patriotism, and daring has shown himself, and the PRINCE, though he has fairly filled a difficult situation, has not displayed much personal initiative, or acquired much personal popularity. Russian pensions are very nice, Russian offers very tempting; there is no doubt a Russophile party, though no large one, in Bulgaria, and it could be very plausibly put that as Europe will do nothing to compel the misbehaving trustee to do his duty, it is just as well to make terms with him, even if they be something at the expense of Europe. The most satisfactory part of the whole matter, next to the fortitude of the Bulgarians themselves, is the conduct, a little timid, but on the whole correct and reasonable, of the Porte towards its vassal.

SAVAGE SOCIALISM.

IN the *Nineteenth Century* Prince KROPOTKIN defends the moral characters of savages. He perceives some pleasing elements of Socialism in them, and, though he no longer believes in ROUSSEAU's ideal savage, he clearly thinks that savages might teach us many a lesson. Taking the term "savage" loosely, as Prince KROPOTKIN does, we may admit that his clients have some good points. They are seldom niggardly or selfish among themselves—that is, among the males of their own group and of their own age. This limitation bounds their generosity more than Prince KROPOTKIN seems to be aware of. It is true, for example, that in certain Red Indian tribes personal property is given away, is redistributed among the kindred, on certain or uncertain occasions—for example, at funerals. This looks like an attempt to maintain equality of conditions. But, if Prince KROPOTKIN will inquire, we think he will find that the property very soon comes back, with an increase of *prestige* and political and social power, to its original collector. Gambling may help towards this result, for the generous Indian is always trying to "rook" his friends. The generosity of the Red Man in distress is well vouched for by JOHN TANNER, the captive white. Only the example of Europeans introduced the refusal of absolute hospitality. In Samoa there was generosity approaching to Communism within the limits of the recognized blood-tie. All this Communism of savages, however, or most of it, is conditioned and caused by the sense of family unity, unity of blood. By virtue of this idea man attained to larger associations, as of the city state and the nation. But what Prince KROPOTKIN does not notice here is that the approach to Communism is only made within the group constituted by a common name and a belief in common blood. Historically, then, only small scattered communities, and those regarding themselves as actually of close kin in a world of enemies, succeed in developing the affection which is the only sound basis of Communism. Perhaps this arrangement could only be reproduced, and that doubtfully, by a return to savagery. The point arises whether

this is quite worth while. Again, Prince KROPOTKIN himself may see that Fuegian Communism, which tears up a blanket that every member of the group may have a rag, is not a convenient institution in a very cold climate. Nor is the Communism which makes it impossible for a North-West Indian to plant corn because his friends would eat it green, congenial to any real progress.

The true objection to savage Socialism is that it is not Socialism at all. There is none of that valued equality of condition, even among the chiefless, or all but chiefless, Australians. Savage Australian society lives, and this is what the Prince does not tell us, by "exploiting" the women and the young. The best food is tabooed to the women, the women are tabooed to the young men. The young men may not marry any more than in a mercantile community. The women are the drudges who dig the roots, as, later, they make the pots. The old men have made laws which secure them the best of everything. As for "over-population"—that is an invention of a mercantile century. The Zulus prevent it in one unmentionable way, the Australians in another, which is horribly cruel, or rather in many ways, all equally odious. They are said to have a queer private property in land, though they plant no crops, while the Kanakas, who plant and irrigate, have regular private property in land. Thus, what with cannibalism, war, witchcraft, revenge, exploiting of the women and the young, desertion of the dying, from superstitious motives, and so on, the Australians are but unkindly Socialists. Yet they do often show great kindness and sympathy, in spite of their enormous gluttony and cruel laws. Savages, roughly speaking, have many virtues, many social virtues; but these are limited and thwarted to an extent scarcely allowed for by Prince KROPOTKIN in his interesting article. The whole subject needs to be treated afresh, without prejudice and with understanding. The Natural History of Society has still to be written.

THE GLADSTONIAN PEERS.

IT has not, we believe, been decisively ascertained in how many hackney-coaches the Gladstonian peers who held a meeting the other day at 18 Park Lane arrived and departed. Distributed a man to every vehicle, they would probably not tax the resources of the most sparsely provided cab-stand. At any rate, the meeting of the party did not, it is said, crowd to inconvenience the commodious apartment in which it was held. The ostensible purpose of the meeting was the choice of a successor to Lord GRANVILLE in the leadership of the Opposition in the Lords. There was something of a novelty in the forgoing of the peers for this purpose in the residence of the leader of their party in the House of Commons. For this reason, possibly, it was thought necessary that there should be a second meeting. The house of Lord OXENBRIDGE, whose title reads as if he were a peer of Mr. THACKERAY's creation, but who calls himself the Liberal Whip in the Lords, was therefore chosen. The result of these second deliberations, arrived at probably in obedience to instructions given them by the Great Chief in Park Lane, was that the peers determined not to choose any leader at all. Lord KIMBERLEY has acted hitherto, in the occasional absence of Lord GRANVILLE, as the medium of communication with Ministers; and he will continue so to act in Lord GRANVILLE's perpetual absence. On the whole, the Gladstonian peers have acted prudently. What they needed was not a leader but a party. To nominate a commander-in-chief before they had an army would have been a little absurd. What Mr. GLADSTONE in his turn wants is a puppet who will move as he pulls the wires. The wires are already attached to Lord KIMBERLEY, having been fastened to his members to be prepared for the emergency of Lord GRANVILLE's occasional absence. For so short a time only as must elapse before the dissolution it was not thought necessary to make any change. Things will therefore continue as they are until the general election is over.

That election may have one or other of two results. The first, and, as we believe, the most probable, is the dissolution of the Gladstonian party. Unless a Home Rule majority is secured in the House of Commons it will have no reason for existence. The defeat of the Separatist policy of its chief will remove the grounds of its separation from the Unionist Liberals. We do not say that there would be a rejunction of the divided sections of the Liberal party, and that the old antagonism of Whig and Tory, of Radical and Conservative,

as it existed up to the year 1886, would be renewed. A good many of the Liberal-Unionists have possibly found, in the better knowledge which their co-operation with the Conservative party in the maintenance of the integrity of the Empire has given them of its character and purposes, that they have more in common with it than with the principles and aims of Mr. LABOUCHERE. As the BURKE and PORTLAND Whigs, driven by Mr. Fox's unpatriotic tactics into coalition with Mr. PITT, were permanently absorbed into what was then truly the National party, so statesmen of the type of Lord HARTINGTON, Sir HENRY JAMES, and, if he be faithful to his newer, better, and truer self, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, may possibly find that they have more in common with the Conservatism of Lord SALISBURY than with the anarchic Radicalism of Mr. JOHN MORLEY. If some Liberal-Unionists found their way back to the Radical party, on its ceasing to be Home Ruled, some Gladstonians, who were Gladstonians only as being Home Rulers, would most likely return to the Liberalism of Lord HARTINGTON. However this may be, it is obvious that the defeat of the Home Rulers at the general election would mean the disappearance of the Gladstonian faction from the House of Lords. It is premature, therefore, to choose now a leader so far whose services there may never be any necessity. A puppet answers all present purposes; and of those, in case the arrangement just adopted should break down, Mr. GLADSTONE has an extensive assortment always on hand.

There is another possibility, and that is, that there may be in the House of Commons which will issue from the general election not only a nominal and arithmetical, but a practical and working Home Rule majority. A small majority for the phrase, and on paper, is not, perhaps, so extremely improbable as we should like to think it; but such a majority, splitting up when details have to be considered, would not get the Home Rule Bill through Committee. It would mean another dissolution and general election. But it is barely possible that there may be a majority large enough, and united enough, to force a Home Rule Bill into the Lords. In this case, the question of the Gladstonian leadership in that assembly would be vital. The abolition of the hereditary principle in the House of Lords—that is to say, of the House of Lords itself in its present character—is now a part of the Gladstonian creed, and it would become a very practical and urgent part of the Gladstonian policy in the case of an irreconcilable conflict between the two Houses on a question fraught with such issues as that of Home Rule. The leaders of the House of Lords, in a Gladstonian Administration, so circumstanced, would have the delicate and difficult task of inviting that Assembly to choose between its own abolition or assenting to the disruption of the Empire. We are far from saying that this alternative would exist in fact. That it dared to resist and had the courage to defeat a Separatist project would probably strengthen the House of Lords by justifying equally its place in the Constitution. But the alternative would exist, if not in fact, yet in the intentions of the Gladstonian Administration in the case supposed. The result would be a political conflict amounting almost to a social war, and attended possibly with outbreaks, compared with which the violence and tumult which attended the agitation of the first Reform Bill would be as nothing. Extraordinary, and even culpable, as is the levity with which Mr. GLADSTONE raises the gravest social issues for miserable personal and party ends, he has yet some perception of the relations of political character and political ability. It is difficult to conceive him employing Lord SPENCER or Lord KIMBERLEY as revolutionary instruments, or endeavouring to overcome the peers and overthrow the Constitution by means of respectabilities so estimable and decencies so decorous. He will choose his instrument when he knows precisely the work that he has to do, creating it may be a peer to carry his summons of surrender to the peerage, if Lord ROSEBURY showed his back. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT would, perhaps, not be ill-pleased to be charged with such a message. Till the time comes things may best jog on in the old fashion under Lord KIMBERLEY.

CHILI.

IN regard to few things has information in these latter days been so late, so slow, and so scanty as in regard to the Chilean insurrection, revolution, or whatever it is to be called. Every now and then some news dribbles

through, sometimes by way of Argentina, sometimes from the Isthmus, sometimes even from the United States, and then, if it is unfavourable to the Balmacedists, it generally receives a formal and flat contradiction from some representative of the Chilean Government. In Europe we hear a little now and then from some aggrieved English mariner or merchant who thinks, naturally enough, that it is very hard that HER MAJESTY'S ships, though they are actually on the station, decline to burn, sink, destroy, or carry off to Vancouver the rebel ships that interfere with him by sea, or the Government officials who do the same on land. There has been a great deal of pretty stout and pretty bloody fighting—such as befits persons who have very likely the blood of the heroes (on both sides) of Ercilla in them, and a good deal of rather aimless skirmishing between the rebel ships and the forts, or improvised flotillas, of the Government. Not much conclusion can be drawn from the embargo on the Chilean ships in France, for that may have been as much in the interest of one party as of the other, and no European country, with the result of the *Alabama* business before its eyes, is likely to prefer the risks of letting ships go, which are indefinite, to those of keeping them, which are probably *nil*, and certainly small. Only in the last few days has a really important step been taken by the English Government—a step which is not likely to have been taken without important information from the Squadron and the British diplomatic representatives, and which, though it can scarcely be said to be a formal acknowledgment of the belligerency of the rebels, goes near thereto, and at any rate negatives the constant assertions of the Balmacedists over here, that the power of the insurgents, elsewhere than at sea, is insignificant.

What Lord SALISBURY has done has been to telegraph to the British Admiral and to the Minister at Santiago that Great Britain will not recognize the right of the Chilean Government to close the nitrate ports or levy double duties on nitrate. And this is practically an acknowledgment that the northern provinces are in the hands of the rebels. Most of these ports are now undoubtedly in their hands; but the Balmacedists had excoagulated the ingenious idea of exacting penalties from vessels which, after touching at them, then entered other ports held by the Government. The position of the PRESIDENT would seem to be that as he has not got the navy he cannot effectively blockade Iquique or Arica, but that if he had he would, and so it's all the same—a position ingenious, but lacking in practicality. The action of the British Government, however, in its turn, amounts, as we have said, practically to an acknowledgment of the belligerency of the rebels and removes any possible obstacle from the way of their deriving advantage from the most valuable part of Chilean trade. President BALMACEDA, on the other hand, is represented as short of money, and as having sent an agent to Europe to negotiate a loan. In these days a loan can be negotiated almost always, but not quite, and lenders to either of the Chilean parties at this moment must be persons whose audacity as gamblers is more remarkable than their prudence as capitalists. It is said, too, that the PRESIDENT intends to mass the whole army which remains to him—estimated at about 20,000 men—for an attack on the North, where his troops have hitherto been invariably beaten. But as his enemies have command of the sea and as the land route, except through Argentine territory, is almost or quite impracticable for any such force, if not for any force at all, it is not obvious how this purpose of letting everything go in is to be carried out. In these perplexed circumstances it is satisfactory to see, from an official statement in the German *Reichsanzeiger*, that the English Squadron is discharging its difficult duty of protecting not only Englishmen but other Europeans placed under its care to the satisfaction of the latter. But it is not a little surprising that the much boasted enterprise of English journalism has not, in more than three months, prompted any English newspaper to send out or to engage on the spot some one competent to give a clear account of the whole affair.

THE HANSARD UNION.

THE few glimpses into the affairs of the Hansard Union which the public have been privileged to obtain incline those interested in financial matters to plagiarize Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's novel quotation, and "ask for more." That Mr. J. P. S. SMITH should have recovered a verdict

and damages from Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY is comparatively unimportant. Mr. BOTTOMLEY is, we believe, a candidate for what are called Parliamentary honours, and the electors whose suffrages he seeks would do well to read the evidence, together with Mr. Justice DENMAN's summing-up. For the general reader the trial, even when illumined by the animated eloquence of Mr. WILLIS, simply resolves itself into one of those not uncommon cases, which have of late increased so remarkably in number, where the respective integrity of a financial journalist and a journalizing financier has to be determined by a jury. This time the financial journalist has won the trick, and when Mr. SMITH has paid the difference between the taxed costs and the real ones, he will be able to put the remnant of a hundred pounds into his pocket. Nevertheless, though we are far from suggesting that Mr. SMITH is the kind of man whose statue ought to be put up in a conspicuous place, he has done some good by bringing Mr. BOTTOMLEY into Court, and also the Hansard Union. Of the Hansard Union Mr. BOTTOMLEY was managing director. Under or during his direction and management it became bankrupt, and *Hansard's Parliamentary Reports* are, according to the general belief, being at this moment edited by the Official Receiver. Short of having the bauble in pawn, it would be difficult to suggest a more sacrilegious process. The plaintiff had at least an ostensible cause for interesting himself in the Hansard Union. He was at that time editor and proprietor of the *Paper Record*, and the Hansard Union had been buying paper mills in Devonshire and elsewhere. He thought, or he says he thought, that these mills were not likely to be profitable, and he made inquiries into their price. He discovered, or professed to have discovered, that the purchase-money did not all go to the Company, but that one JOSEPH ISAACS was getting a good deal of it in the shape of commission. He then wrote a critical article on the subject in the *Paper Record*, which he says Mr. BOTTOMLEY tried to suppress, but which appeared in January of last year. Mr. BOTTOMLEY denied that he had entered into any direct negotiation with reference to this article before it was published. But he admitted having heard of its existence from his secretary, Mr. ST. JOHN WINNE, and Mr. WINNE gave the following very curious evidence:—"Before the publication of the January 'article I saw the plaintiff at his office. I said I had heard that he was going to publish an article against the 'Hansard Union, and I had come from Mr. BOTTOMLEY to see what it meant. The plaintiff unlocked a drawer, and handed me a proof, saying that it was too late to stop it, as it was being machined. Asked why he was attacking BOTTOMLEY, he said he was being urged to do so by very influential people. I pointed out that some of the articles were false. I pressed the plaintiff to tell me what expenses he had been put to. He said he would not stop the article under five hundred pounds."

Well might Mr. Justice DENMAN say that "there was conduct which one must regret on the part of both parties." Having failed to stop Mr. SMITH's article, or at least not having stopped it, Mr. BOTTOMLEY had recourse to another highly respectable organ, this time the *Papermakers' Circular*. To this periodical he furnished one of those strictly impersonal essays which philanthropic gentlemen of his kidney love to compose for the benefit of mankind. It was based on a letter signed by himself. But it was written in the first person plural, and referred to him as "Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY." In order to procure the publication of this valuable document, Mr. BOTTOMLEY had to deposit a thousand pounds with the editor as security "against the responsibility incurred." The editorial caution was reasonable, for this was the libel complained of. The first sentence is, considering the source of its inspiration, a gem in its way. "The allegations," it runs, "which the journal in question [the *Paper Record*] levelled at the Union, and more particularly at the head of the managing director, Mr. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, seemed to bear the impress of prejudice in such a decided manner that we at once came to the conclusion that there was some personal motive in the attack, especially as we happen to know from experience a great deal of Mr. JOHN PALATEO STRAHAN SMITH, the editor of the *Paper Record*." It is, indeed, fortunate for the world at large that men like Mr. SMITH and Mr. BOTTOMLEY know so much about each other. The article proceeded to say—and this was the sting of the libel—that Mr. SMITH had attempted to levy blackmail from Mr. BOTTOMLEY by threatening to attack the Hansard Union unless the pro-

verbial ox were laid upon his tongue. The jury must be taken to have found that this charge was not proved. For Mr. Justice DENMAN told them that the real question was whether the plaintiff in the *Paper Record* was honestly warning his readers against a bad concern, or intimidating the managing director with the object of extorting money from him. Meanwhile the attention of some one in authority should be speedily turned, not only to this Hansard Union, but to the Anglo-Austrian Printing and Publishing Union, in connexion with which a cheque for seventy-five thousand pounds is said to have been paid to one HORATIO BOTTOMLEY "for businesses agreed by him to be conveyed to the Company, before he had disclosed any title to the same, and though he never became entitled to convey to the Company at all many of these." This is an extract from the Report of the Committee of Shareholders. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL told Mr. PITT-LEWIS that the so-called PUBLIC PROSECUTOR had not to do with such company-mongering eccentricities. Then who has?

LABOUR.

LABOUR is always with us, and (to anticipate the virtuous modern), let us add that no doubt we should be very badly off if it were not. Yet we think that there have been times when it was better inspired—perhaps when it was better dealt with. However this may be, the Labour Commission and the new plan of the Shipping Federation and the riots at Bradford give ample evidence that the claims of Labour are neither forgotten nor will allow themselves to be so. As for the Commission, it is an excellent Commission; though, as we point out elsewhere, we should like it better if it were docked both of its employer and of its "labour" members. The place for such persons is the witness-box, not the bench—to employ familiar, if slightly incorrect, imagery. For the Shipping Federation's plan of insurance, with the possible further developments which may come of it, it is difficult to find language that shall at once be accurately adjusted to the facts and yet not yeanay. As a measure both of self-defence and of intelligent carrying the war into the enemy's country—the country of that enemy of all civilized life, the Trade-Union—it is excellent. It seizes in the most craftsmanlike manner the one weapon that employers have, and works it manfully. It would, if this were a golden age (in which case, unfortunately, it would be superfluous), be the intrinsically as well as the circumstantially right thing to do; and it may be said generally to carry out on the great scale exactly what a master at once benevolent and wise does for his servants on the small. The objections to it are only two, but they are heavy. In the first place, it supposes a constant presence of intelligent self-interest coupled with intelligent good feeling in both classes; and if this had existed the Shipping Federation never need have come into existence. In the second place it is, almost as much as Trade-Unionism itself, an attempt to interfere with the free and natural working of things. It is a kind of Irish Land Act, with the important difference, no doubt, that, instead of being carried out at somebody else's expense, it is carried out at the expense of those who do it. It is as though Mr. GLADSTONE and Lord SPENCER and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, and the other great and good men, had undertaken to estate Irish tenants in the land at the risk of their own pockets. It is thus as eminently respectable as the other measure was eminently disreputable. But whether it will succeed any better we are not prepared to say. The truest, as it is the most uncomfortable, thing that ever was written in any language in this world is the eleventh verse of the twenty-second chapter of the Book of Revelation. And we very much fear that, as the lazy and thriftless Irish tenant has been lazy and thriftless still, in spite of the most beautiful legislation, so will the lazy, the drunken, the mutinous sailor be lazy, drunken, and mutinous still, in spite of the most beautiful plans for keeping him otherwise.

The Bradford riots are unpleasant, but not surprising. The strike of a portion of Messrs. LISTER's hands has always been rather curious. It has extended to only a portion of an immense "brigade of industry," and it has lasted a very long while without extending beyond that portion. It is not clear that it would ever have gone beyond legal and reasonable bounds (for though there was a little blackleg terrorizing at first it was never very serious) had not outside agitators meddled with it, and it seems to have become

acute on the worst of all grounds, even for strikers—to wit, the ground that the firm were, not introducing outside workmen, but taking the work away. Even Mr. WILLIAM MORRIS, in his wildest moments of poetic imagination run to seed, has never, we think, quite reached the idea of the capitalist, who is to be tolerated, but chained in one place, and forced to provide employment there for particular persons. In reality, however, one Socialist topsiturfication is pretty much like another. Once abandon the four great rules, “I have a right to employ anybody who will take the wages,” “I offer,” “You have a right not to work at those wages,” “I have no right to force you to work at any,” “You have no right to prevent any one else working,” and all is chaos. It remains to be seen whether the Labour Commission will have the pluck and the sense to formulate this—the A and O of the whole matter.

WEDNESDAY SPARRING ON SUNDAY CLOSING.

AN Irish Sunday Closing Bill is scarcely the kind of measure upon which contending patriots are obviously bound to fight; but if they are bent on fighting, 'twill of course serve as well as another. So, at least, thinks Mr. MAURICE HEALY, if we may judge from the promptitude with which he seized the opportunity last Wednesday to trail his coat in front of his renowned leader. The opportunity, it is true, was seized, just the least bit in the world by the head and ears, and Mr. HEALY's own defiance dragged in a little after the same fashion; but that, no doubt, may have been considered an advantage as giving additional prominence to the incident. Certainly, when a member of Parliament says that his constituents do not want their daily lives and habits regulated for them by the national grandmother, it is not quite indisputably to the point to challenge his right to represent those constituents, even though one formally adds the words “neither on this nor on any other question.” For it is quite conceivable that the electors of Cork might prefer Mr. HEALY's Nationalism to Mr. PARNELL's, and at the same time prefer Mr. PARNELL's opinions on the liquor question to Mr. HEALY's. Indeed, Mr. J. G. FITZGERALD, whom we congratulate on a direct and forcible style of oratory, declared that the junior member for Cork only represented the views of a “dozen water-drinkers of that city, who assembled in back-rooms to listen to his orations”—to hear him, in fact, “outpouring near the running taps a liquid sprightly as their own.” Still, as we have said, the occasion served. Mr. HEALY has now repeated his challenge in public—gone through, in fact, the regulation stage “business” with the kid-glove and the other gentleman's cheek, and the exclamation “Coward! will nothing move you? Nay, then,” &c.; so that if the duel does not now come off, we really do not see what more Mr. MAURICE—or, for that matter, Mr. TIMOTHY either—can do.

Meanwhile, it is interesting to note that the Sunday Closing Bill has led to further subdivision among the party. Those who are opposed to it are mainly Parnellites, but not exclusively Parnellites. Mr. SEXTON declared himself adversely to it, winning thereby from his late leader—not, perhaps, altogether uninspired by the reflection that a compliment to TOM is a backhander for TIM—the praise of having delivered a very eloquent and able protest against it; and another Anti-Parnellite, the learned and accomplished Dr. TANNER, followed on the same side. The Irish opponents of the Bill have, of course, a perfectly legitimate motive for opposing it, although we are far from saying that this is, in fact, the motive by which they are actuated. They can urge in complete consistency with their Nationalist principles that if there is one question in which an Imperial Parliament has less right to intermeddle than another it is the question involved in Mr. LEA's Bill. At the same time the contention, if consistent with their principles, is not so, in all cases, with their past practice. Some of Mr. PARNELL's followers, like Mr. JOHN O'CONNOR, have always, it is true, resisted the encroachments of Sabbatarian teetotalism in Ireland to the best of their ability; but, unless our memory deceives us, this is one of the many duties which Mr. PARNELL, meditating in private over questions of the higher politics, has for several years past entirely resigned to his followers. Hitherto, indeed, he has displayed such apathy on the matter that one might have supposed him indifferent whether whisky was unobtainable by his countrymen, not merely on one but on any day of the week. It is an agreeable surprise, therefore,

and a pleasing stimulus to curiosity, to find him thus suddenly coming forward to denounce the political inconsistency of Gladstonians, who seemed to think that it was England's business to reform Ireland's manners, and the moral hypocrisy of Home Rulers, who neglected to begin the work of reform at home. No doubt it gives Mr. PARNELL some personal pleasure to level these contemptuous denunciations across the Gangway; he is very likely thinking of the Nonconformist conscience while he is pouring contempt on that analogous organ through which energizes the morality of the teetotaler. But Mr. PARNELL seldom indulges his taste for mockery for its own sake; and there was probably business as well as pleasure in his speech of Wednesday last. Perhaps the desire to have a fling at the priests—by whom this species of legislation is so strenuously supported, and the growing arrogance of whose claim to dictate to their flocks in every relation of life Sir HENRY JAMES has well pointed out at Belfast—may have had something to do with Mr. PARNELL's revived interest in the drink question.

PARISH COUNCILS.

MR. ACLAND'S resolution in favour of Parish Councils led to a debate which may be termed instructive, if only for the visions of a reformed or renovated country life suggested by several speakers. With more power to the parish, sweetness and light, we are told, will possess the village, and the “harmony of country life” will be complete. We will not pause to enumerate all the blessings that are to attend the institution of Parish Councils. Such pictures of “Our Village” can delude none who has any knowledge of the country. Will life be sweetened to the village shopkeeper when co-operative stores are organized by the Parish Council? The prospect of rural peace and good government is certainly not increased by the thought of rival parishes endowed with the control of roads, foot-paths, and waste lands. And these are only some of the minor matters which Mr. ACLAND would place in the hands of a Parish Council. What kind of a foretaste of “the harmony of country life” is disclosed in Mr. SEALE-HAYNE's speech? Mr. SEALE-HAYNE, who does not by any means represent Devon, as Colonel KENYON-SLANEY inadvertently observed, but only an agricultural division of that county, showed with admirable clearness what Radical aspirations are in this matter. If all advocates of Parish Councils were like Mr. SEALE-HAYNE—frank and uncompromising in revealing their true “wants”—Mr. ACLAND's following had been vastly reduced. The truth is, however, that there are one or two points upon which Mr. RITCHIE and Mr. HOBHOUSE were virtually in accord with Mr. ACLAND. Mr. RITCHIE agreed that vestries must be reformed, and in this way of reformation the parish must be dealt with. But he would have nothing to do with any proposal to transfer sanitary powers or Poor Law administration to Parish Councils, mainly elected by persons who were not ratepayers, and probably composed of labourers who could not be held responsible for improper administration of relief. Yet these powers are by no means the most preposterous suggestions made by Mr. ACLAND and his followers. Mr. ACLAND declared that his resolution did not exclude District Councils. But this assurance, though accepted without demur by several speakers, is anything but conclusive. On the contrary, his ideal Parish Council would take over administrative duties which the District Council only could efficiently discharge. The two bodies could not possibly work together, if only because of the disproportion between their respective areas of influence and statutory powers.

The subject, probably, would not have come before the House if it were not that there exists a tolerably general feeling in the country that District Councils are a genuine want. Sufficient time has elapsed since the passing of the County Councils Act to judge of its practical working, and it is significant to note, by the way, that the County Councils have collectively by a large majority passed a resolution in favour of a District Councils Bill. Mr. HOBHOUSE, who cited this resolution in support of his amendment, urged Mr. RITCHIE to deal with the subject without further delay, and Mr. RITCHIE responded by referring, not without complacency, to the Local Government Bill as evidence that his admirable intentions were in no sense modified. District Councils were included in the scope of that

Bill, and for that reason they would first be dealt with. But beyond this statement Mr. RITCHIE did not venture. He admitted, and reaffirmed, the promise, but he would not name the day. Mr. ACLAND's complaint of the unfulfilled promises of three successive QUEEN'S Speeches was singularly unhappy, and provoked an effective reminder of that barren Gladstonian time, just five years since, of three other QUEEN'S Speeches and their unredeemed pledges. Mr. ACLAND can at least gratify his zeal for Local Government by the contemplation of County Councils. He should be the first to acknowledge that measures of Local Government, whether they affect counties or districts, may well occupy the greater portion of a Session in the preparation. If it were not so, if such measures may be devised with the airy inconsequence that distinguishes Radical propositions for Parish Government, why was not that Gladstonian Local Government Bill produced? It is amusing, indeed, to take note of Opposition zeal for Local Government, and never has it been more oddly displayed than in the speeches in advocacy of Mr. ACLAND's suggestions for Village or Parish Councils.

THE CHICKENS OF CLITHEROE.

A CERTAIN witty and able member of the Court of Appeal is said to have recently observed that *obiter dicta* resembled the curses which resembled the chickens in their habit of "coming home to roost." The LORD CHANCELLOR and the MASTER of the ROLLS are both able judges, and one of them—we shall not say which—is understood to seek, and for aught we know may have acquired, the reputation of a wit; but it was not either of these distinguished persons who delivered himself of the acute and amusing remark above quoted. For them has been reserved the less brilliant, but equally useful, function of illustrating in their own person the truth of this gnomic saying of their colleague. The Chickens of Clitheroe are coming home to roost. To the consternation of those who sent them forth they are simply crowding into the hencoop and claiming shelter under the wings of parents who profess themselves unable to recognize their offspring, and who indignantly decline the responsibility of supporting them. There was something pathetic in the very tone of irritation with which LORDS HALSBURY and ESHER replied in the Upper House the other night to the probably preconceived question addressed to them by LORD WINCHILSEA. The uneasy irony of the LORD CHANCELLOR on the subject of the legislation supposed—imaginatively by himself—to have been rendered necessary by the JACKSON judgment, and the quivering sarcasms of the MASTER of the ROLLS on his "intelligent critics," alike testify to the unexpectedness of the returning brood and to their lordships' profound unconsciousness of the fact of motherhood. Were ever judges, they half-plaintively, half-angrily asked, so inexcusably vexed by the perversity of interpreters as they? What could be plainer sailing than a case in which a husband claimed a right to imprison his wife, on the strength of having obtained a decree against her for restitution of conjugal rights, which no court, and therefore clearly no private individual, could enforce? What could be simpler than their judgment that no such right existed?

Unfortunately for the two learned judges there is, unaware as they seem to be of it, a good answer to this last question. That which would have been simpler than their judgment would have been the decision without the *obiter dicta* distributed on the way to it. If the LORD CHANCELLOR really feels aggrieved at the "perverse" interpretations which have been put upon their ruling, and if the MASTER of the ROLLS is grievously surprised at the fact that the JACKSON judgment "has been more misunderstood" than any that he recollects, they ought to have no difficulty in finding people to explain the circumstance that so annoys and astonishes them. It is due simply to the fact that two learned judges, having to decide an exceedingly narrow, but very simple, question arising out of an extremely delicate and with difficulty definable group of reciprocal rights and duties, deliberately—or perhaps we should say in a moment of excitement—elected to go outside the limits of the narrow and simple question and to stroll sentimentally among the quagmires and pitfalls which lie in such rich profusion on either side of the path. It means that in order to decide that Mr. JACKSON might not imprison Mrs. JACKSON, LORD HALSBURY and LORD ESHER

thought it necessary one after the other to deliver a sort of general lecture on the matrimonial relation and the respective status to the parties thereto, in the course of which lecture they committed themselves to more than one proposition, not only disputable in itself, but involving consequences and corollaries which it is impossible to suppose that they would have themselves been prepared on fuller consideration to accept. In other words, they seem to have fallen victims for the occasion to the fatal and apparently universal passion for "playing to the gallery"; and then it was that the Clitheroe chickens were sent out on the journey from which they have come home.

SEVEN YEARS' HOME FARMING.

"NO land, not a molehill nor a twig but what's in the boughs pots out of the window," said Charles Surface when he wished to raise money from Mr. Premium. This is the ordinary stock of speakers and writers who wish to raise a discussion about produce, farming, and rents. Where you have not to face the problem of failing tenants and vanishing returns, it is so easy to prove conclusively that much more could be got out of land already in cultivation, and that thousands of barren acres could be profitably brought under the plough. Climate uncertain and treacherous, soils sodden or sterile, manure and labour costly or inefficient, are little matters that need not be taken into any account. Farming, too, ought in itself to be highly attractive. When rivers are low and young broods of grouse and partridges have been killed by wet as soon as hatched, there is nothing so calculated to make a country life pleasant as the management of a home farm. Fowls are fatter, mutton is more tender, eggs are more plentiful, when these articles are supplied direct from the land or the farmyard without the intervention of a tenant.

Let us now see from a trustworthy source what a proprietor may have to do when he is compelled to farm his own land or see it go altogether out of cultivation. The scene is the north of Hampshire. The soil has a depth of three inches above a stratum of chalk. The estate is one of 1,100 acres, of which, roundly, some 900 have been taken in hand by the owner. If not of the best quality for roots and cereals, it is admirably adapted to sheep. The proprietor bears a well-known and honoured name, and takes a keen interest in all healthy pursuits and recreations associated with country life. The land is intersected by a railway; there is a small station within a mile or so; and the accounts, which we have been allowed to inspect and analyse, have been kept for seven years with a method, a precision, and a perspicuity to be easily understood not only by bailiffs, factors, and grievers, but by Lord Tennyson's smooth-faced and snub-nosed Cockney, with his cheating yardwand.

We premise that there is no residence standing in its own grounds on the estate. The experiment dates from 1883, at the time when the agricultural depression was at a low, if not its lowest, point. The farm-buildings were in a sound condition, and here little or nothing was required. But, of course, horses and implements, carts, ploughs, &c., had to be bought, and a very large expenditure was necessary for stock. Here are the items for the first few months after Michaelmas 1883, when the farmer's tenancy expired. We omit fractions all through this paper:—

	£
Implements	250
Manures	208
Seeds and Corn	456
Stock	3,559
Total	£4,473

In the stock are included horses and mares, heifers and calves, ewes and lambs. Iron fencing, in addition, came to just 350*l*. The outgoing tenant received the sum of 1,010*l*. Payments for labour in the first year were more than 700*l*. And when to these heads are added rates and tithes, farm bills—including the blacksmith, the carpenter, and the ironmonger—and the inevitable "sundries," we have for the twelvemonth a very respectable outgoing of 7,471*l*. On the other hand, when, at the close of that first year, the stock, crops, and tillages came to be valued, they were thought to be worth the sum of 5,254*l*. There were no "pointers or ponies," but in the stables and stalls there were fourteen horses, which had cost 480*l*, two milch cows, six hundred Hampshire sheep, 283 Scotch ewes and lambs, nearly 30 pigs, and a few fowls. Wheat, oats, and barley stored in the barns were reckoned at 1,150*l*; hay at 470*l*; straw at 268*l*; and the other items, such as clover, sainfoin, and mangolds, made up the total value, as already stated, of 5,254*l*.

Per contra, the sale of stock had realized 1,669*l*. Corn was sold to the amount of 138*l*, and there were some trifling rents from cottages on the estate. In the year under review heifers had been fetching 10*l*. to 16*l*. each; ewes, 40*s*. to 60*s*.; lambs, 24*s*. to 29*s*.; fat lambs as much as 40*s*.; and wool was just under a shilling a pound. The result was a small balance against the farm, owing to the fall in the value of stock. The owner, who had gained a practical insight into the conditions of farming, had, of course, to wait in patience for a return for his ample but by no means

unnecessary outlay. We do not discover any one item in the whole expenditure of which it could be fairly said that it gratified a whim, indulged a caprice, or was booked for a failure. In 1884-5 the owner had only to keep the farm going. There were no more big advances of 1,000*l.* at a time. The receipts from the various sources already indicated rose to 2,303*l.* But the outgoings still overtopped the receipts. They amounted to 2,446*l.* Labour as before cost a good deal; more than 800*l.* Manures and artificial food came to about 260*l.*, and it was deemed politic to continue adding to the stock of sheep and cattle to an extent little short of 500*l.* The valuation of stock, cereals, straw, hay, &c., at the close of the second year showed an advance of some 500*l.* over 1883-4. There was a balance in favour of the farm, but it was more nominal than solid.

In the next year prospects began to improve. The valuation of stock and crop, though somewhat reduced, was still over 5,250*l.* The payments amounted to 2,125*l.* The receipts had swelled to 2,861*l.* There was a balance in favour of the farm of 735*l.* in three years. But from this there had to be deducted the deficit of the two previous years amounting to 661*l.*, leaving to the owner the small residuum in cash of 73*l.* as the sum total of his three years' struggle against poor seasons and low prices. In this year barley had been selling at 32*s.*, and wheat at 32*s.* to 37*s.* per quarter. Hay had sold for 4*l.* the ton. Stock of all kinds, with the addition of wool, had realised an amount of nearly 1,350*l.*

In the next year, 1886-7, there is an apparent falling off. Against 2,413*l.* of receipts we find 2,442*l.* of outgoings, making a balance against the farm of 28*l.* or so. But the owner had received in stock and produce sent to him the sum of 250*l.*, and in preceding years which had showed a deficit in cash payments it must be explained that he had similarly benefited to the amount of 560*l.* Practically, in four years, in one shape or another, he had had a return of 857*l.*, either as interest on his outlay or return from his farm. Roundly put, his venture had resulted in his getting not quite 4 per cent. on his outlay, and not a farthing to replace the rent.

In 1887-8 the improvement continued. There is an apparent deficiency in the receipts as compared with the payments, amounting to some 43*l.* But in the payments are at last included three cheques for 100*l.* each, placed to the owner's credit, and produce to the extent of 80*l.* In this year wether lambs had fetched 38*s.* apiece; 44*l.* had been reached by the sale of three steers. Draft ewes sold for 31*s.* 6*d.* each, and one lot of sheep fetched 300*l.* down. In no one year was there any diminution in the bill for labour, which was always nearer 800*l.* than 700*l.*

For 1888-9 there was a small apparent balance in favour of the farm. But in payments of 2,259*l.*, as compared with receipts of nearly the same amount, or 2,283*l.*, there are included cash paid to the owner of 325*l.*, and a small item of poultry under 5*l.* It had been found that live sheep sent to the owner for his own consumption in a different county and on a clay soil very soon fell off in flesh and quality, and in recent seasons nothing has been forwarded but a few ducks and fowls. In this year the price for ewes was fairly maintained. Oats were selling at 16*s.* and 18*s.* the quarter. Barley dropped to 27*s.*, and wheat had sunk to 28*s.* and 30*s.* In the list of live stock, taken in October 1889, we find nearly 500 sheep, more than 300 lambs, 11 rams, 14 horses, as many cows, heifers, and calves, and 36 pigs.

In the last year of all, 1889-90, the receipts came to 3,152*l.* Stock had been sold to the amount of 1,543*l.*, and corn for 1,200*l.* The labour bill had swelled to 870*l.* In the outgoings of 3,199*l.*, showing an apparent excess of 40*l.*, we have to reckon cash of 400*l.* and produce of 55*l.* placed to the account of the owner. When it is added that the shooting has been let to a neighbouring landlord for 100*l.*, including 200 acres of woods and plots of land not included in the home farm, we arrive at a return of about 550*l.* In other words, the interest on capital advanced in 1883 at 4 per cent. is 212*l.*, the shooting brings in 100*l.*, and the profits of the farm are about 238*l.*

One or two other points must be noticed. Some 200 acres have been laid down in permanent pasture; an operation, as stupid and inexperienced country folk know very well, not attended with expense, and requiring skill and judgment. Allotments have been given where required. The Rectory has been supplied with milk and butter, like the merchants of King Solomon, "at a price." And in the same page with large sums paid for fresh stock, artificial food and manures, we find all those minute and trifling details over which the farmer persistently haggles, and which in the aggregate amount to no inconsiderable sum. Lads are paid for scaring birds, the plough requires new traces, cattle or sheep must have rock-salt in their food, and men employed on the farm enjoy a Christmas dinner of beef which costs two guineas. Spades and cylinder rollers, medicines and shoes for the horses, fire insurance, railway accounts for freight, oil for machinery, a ten-shilling gun licence and powder and percussion-caps, stamps and stationery, Scotch dip—Cooper's or McDougal's—chaff-bags and cloths to cover the ricks, a present to somebody for dairy-work, vitriol, hedge-gloves, a neighbouring landlord's claim for damages by beasts, a summons against a defaulter or a poacher, a market-ticket for one year at a neighbouring town, fly-powder, sulphur, mercury, and tar, advertisements in the local papers, and the inevitable subscriptions to the annual cattle show and the local athletic sports, make up a sum total which sufficiently explains why farming has not the sweet simplicity of an investment in debenture or preference stocks. On the receipt side, we may add, every small item is equally credited—pea-

sticks and faggots, a worn-out cart-horse, and a goat and kid, and divers other petty returns.

The farm is under the management of an experienced bailiff, whose salary is one hundred guineas a year. Obviously this sum would be saved by a tenant-farmer, who, also, would not be likely to pay 700*l.* a year for labour. And it may be conceded that in many particulars, great and small, an owner has to spend a shilling where a tenant would spend pence. It may also be admitted that an estate with only two or three inches of soil above the chalk would not be the most favourable selection for these small holdings. On the other hand, a higher price will have to be paid by the new legislative hantling for land in other counties of a richer and more productive kind. We leave our readers to draw their own moral from these facts and figures.

EXHIBITIONS.

THE British Impressionists, or in other words the members of the New English Art Club, have opened their customary annual exhibition at the Dudley Gallery, in the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. Those giddy beings who look forward to this show as the maddest and merriest of the glad art-year must prepare themselves for a disappointment. The Impressionists are either less funny than usual, or else our eyes are growing accustomed to their vagaries. We have never joined in the promiscuous condemnation of these artists as a class. We hold that there are good impressionists and bad impressionists. It is no blame to the point of view if the English specimens of the school have mainly seemed to be bad. That does not prevent Degas from being or Manet from having been something like a genius. Nor are the men who exhibit in the Dudley Gallery devoid, as a class, of talent or of training.

The most eccentric specimen at the New English Art Club is Mr. P. Wilson Steer's very large joke called "Ballerina Assoluta" (15); this is a huge upright canvas, in a vermilion frame, quite blank, and representing an empty stage seen from a box. The only object in its emptiness is a small pirouetting figure of a ballet-girl, very ill drawn, in orange skirts and cold pink tights, seen from behind, and placed near the bottom of the picture. Perfect success alone might have partly condoned this piece of folly, and Mr. Steer has not begun to succeed. But there are some good things elsewhere in the exhibition. Mr. J. E. Blanche is very skilful; his "Miss Pash" (10), a full length of a young lady in a pink dress, with a white parasol, and "The Pink Rose" (26), a pale tired girl in white muslin skirts, with a black cap and black stockings, seated, are admirable. There is a good impression of artificial light and hurrying figures in Mr. George Thomson's "Skating Rink" (4); grace in the nude figure descending which Mr. Theodore Roussel calls "Evening" (29); both truth and charm in Mr. Sidney Starr's "Portrait of Miss A. G. D." (58), painted by lamplight. But how "Mrs. Cyprian Williams" (33) consented to let the portraits of herself and her two little girls be painted by Mr. Steer is beyond our conception. We have no doubt that the Misses Williams are dear little girls in themselves; but in their picture they are more hideous and more stiff and less human than any doll in all Rag Fair.

Some of the Impressionists are particularly clever in rendering street scenes. Perhaps the best picture in the Exhibition is a view in "Dieppe" (42), by Mr. Walter Sickert, which is positively charming. Miss Pash is successful with her street-corner called "Over the Way" (25). Mr. Theodore Roussel's "Brighton" (20) shows the Parade animated with figures, and brightly illuminated with real outdoor light. Mr. Paul Maitland's "Hollywood Arms" (98) is a public-house at night, lit up by one great Sugg gas-lamp, capably rendered. Here are some pleasing landscapes also, some of them by artists who only very casually belong to the Impressionists. Mr. Julius Ohlsson's vast spaces of sky are always interesting; in his "Squall Weather" (62) we see a gigantic red cloud gathering in a blue-green sky of thunderous character. Mr. Raffitt-Oldfield's "Twixt River and Broad" (50) is a charming, though quite artificial, study of radiant colour. Mr. Moffat P. Lindner, also, has painted a "Storm-Cloud" (77), very glowing and bold, but not so well drawn as Mr. Ohlsson's. A pretty landscape is Mr. Edward Stott's "Ploughing" (84) in early spring, seen through blossoming sprays of whitethorn.

There are a few miscellaneous works yet to be mentioned. In the place of honour hangs a very large square composition, attributed to two artists, Mr. Henry and Mr. Hornel, called "The Angel and the Shepherds" (57). This work has good parts; the Angel is painted with dignity and grace; the shepherds are finely suggested. But the whole thing, with the exception of the angel's figure, is so raw, so roughly put together, even from an Impressionist point of view so unfit for public inspection, that we do not understand how it comes to be present here at all. Mr. J. J. Shannon (who is old enough to know better) has painted an absolutely amazing head of "The Duchess of Portland" (79), whose candid opinion of this portrait we should like to have. Mr. Alexander Roche's "Court of Cards" (89) looks like an extravaganza by a rather clever child of ten. Among all these egregious cranks and crazes, two contributions strike an oddly discordant note; these are Miss Harrison's portrait of "Arthur Somervell" (75), a very delicately and highly finished head in emulation of the Holbeins at Basle; and Mr. Nelson Dawson's beautifully accentuated "Nature Morte" (44), ivory drawn with the

precision of a botanist. If people like Mr. Steer want to assure us of their vocation, why do not they, as a pastime, paint one or two things like these? We should gladly pardon eccentricity, if we could be persuaded that talent lay below it.

At Mr. Lefèvre's Gallery, 1A King Street, St. James's, the largest picture is "A Roman Chariot Race," an enormous canvas, filled in, we cannot but admit, with spirit and a certain force. This is the work of the Spanish artist, M. Ulpiano Checa, a Royal Academician of Madrid. Rather glaring in light and unsympathetic in colour, this is, nevertheless, a vigorous attempt to reproduce, with antiquarian exactitude, a scene of Roman life which is characteristic enough. It is the final race in a day of contests. A chariot drawn by three white horses has been overturned in the dust; one drawn by black horses is forging past it and winning, while a white team are terrified and embarrassed by the accident. A new picture by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur, called "After a Storm in the Highlands," represents a kilted shepherd hiding in a rocky cave, or slab-roofed chamber on a moor-side, while his sheep stand around him. The shepherd, it must be confessed, is rather deplorably painted; with transparent-looking, rose-coloured legs, which defy all known laws of illumination. Rosa Bonheur has not felt any interest in this virtuous peasant. The sheep, especially the grey one nearest to the spectator, are far better, yet nothing in this latest production quite justifies the signature it bears. A large "humorous" picture, by Mr. W. Dendy Sadler, is called "For he's a Jolly Good Fellow," and represents a party round a table, flushed with good fare, standing up to drink the health of the hero of the hour. This is eminently a picture which ought to be engraved for use in families, and we find that Mr. Boucher is to etch it. In that form it will doubtless rival "Darby and Joan" and "Old and Crusted" in popularity. Mr. Sadler plays to the gallery, of course, but he plays very conscientiously. An interesting character-picture by the Flemish artist, Willem Geefs, is "Anne Ayscough Preaching," hard and solid, in the manner of Baron Lays, with beautiful passages of colour, and emphatic play of emotion on the countenances of the numerous figures.

In emulation of Mr. Alfred East, two more painters have been to Japan for a sketching tour, and have brought back portfolios full of their impressions. These are Mr. John Varley and Mr. C. E. Fripp, who have combined to open an exhibition of their works at 28 New Bond Street. For Mr. Varley's drawings Sir Edwin Arnold has been retained to write an introduction, and it is a curious instance of the rash way in which people undertake this particular kind of task that Sir Edwin speaks of their "wealth of lovely colour." Now, as a matter of fact, the Quakerish sobriety of Mr. Varley's drawings, and the extraordinary lack of colour which they display, is the primary fact which strikes a visitor. Graceful and careful these drawings are, and doubtless true to certain aspects of what the artist has seen, but as transcripts of the radiant life of Japan they are curiously grey and sad-toned. The linnet is a nice little bird, but we should shrink from claiming for it "wealth of lovely colour." Mr. Varley is a linnet among water-colour painters, and so very sober is his eye that it seems almost a pity that he troubled himself to go to Japan. The evening view of "Tokio Bay" (8) is like a drawing of some Welsh port; at "Shiba" (29) a Japanese bridge crosses what seems a burn in Perthshire; Mr. Varley's wildest flights in the extreme Orient suggest Sussex. There is some grotesque splendour about "The Karamon Gateway" (32), with its figures in white and blue entering, yet even here Mr. Varley seems to have selected the least impressive view possible of the background of cedars. In other hands than his "Nagasaki Harbour" (64) might present an aspect of fairy beauty; there is a sort of North Italian grace in "The Gorge, near Mino" (28). Almost the only drawing which is strikingly Japanese is the "Nikko Street" (75), and even here Mr. Varley has chosen a rainy day, splashing mud, and a dense grey sky.

Mr. Fripp gives us a great deal more of the exotic charm of Japan, though he is not always technically so clever. He has a much less conventional aim and more eye for what is odd. There is plenty of brightness and strangeness in his composition called "Guests arriving at a Tea-house" (99). "Washing Day," a girl hanging out striking blue and grey clothes on a line, with a little scarlet-robed boy seated among the flowers as her companion, would be very good, if the greens of the foliage in the background were not too cold. "Girls in Holiday Dress" (105), three of them in brilliant gals costume, dragging one another along, is charming. A very rich interior effect is secured in "A Buddhist Temple Service" (115) and in "Pilgrims Praying in Temple" (113). Mr. Fripp enjoys painting the curious straw rain-coats and oiled umbrellas of the peasants. He has also exhibited a few studies of figures and landscape in Ceylon, among them an interesting view of the interior of the "Temple of Buddha's Tooth" (124) at Kandy.

STRIKES—AND OTHER THINGS.

TO a plain man living in tents, what matter though every cabman in London should strike, on or off his box? Now that Mr. Honest John Burns has called him—or some of him—from his rank, it is to be presumed that he will go the road so many have gone before him since that egregious personage undertook to restore the balance of humanity—the dusty road

to defeat, and without a fare. Well, a lesson will do your cabmen no harm; they may, like notes, be necessary evils; but evils assuredly they too often are. There are degrees of cabmen, of course, as of all men, including editors; even contributors are not all good. But the general cabman is far, very far, from the saint and martyr it pleases some romantic souls to paint him. He drives, too often, neither wisely nor well. Too often his knowledge of metropolitan topography would disgrace a traveller from New Zealand. His manners when excited (and he is easily roused) are coarse, and at those moments his language is the very opposite of obscure. He respects not man, nor woman either, when respect is not suggested by a wholesome care for his own safety. Age and virtue (dread conjunction to give the boldest pause) will save no woman from his tongue; tottering Eld returning from his club, and vagrant Youth full-fed and unarithmetical, fall alike to his net.

That there is another side to this dark and lurid picture let us not deny. But it is not our present business to expatiate on the merits or failings of the London cabman. A lesson, we say again, will do him no harm, and he seems like to get it. Yet all would wish it to be in reason, would wish the innocent not to suffer with the guilty. The lessons taught by this pestilent master of disruption and folly have an inconvenient knack of falling on the just and the unjust alike. Taught, we say, but they are never learned, else had this troublesome fellow—"this cursed Paphlagonian," "pest and ruin of our town"—long since heard the cry that rang in the ears of another of his kidney some two thousand years or so ago—

Then to him—pursue him—strike, shiver, and hew him;
Confound him and pound him, and storm all around him.

We have often wondered, by the way, that none of our burlesque-makers have ever turned their attention to Aristophanes. They say now that the stage should teach as well as the pulpit, and that it is but indifferently supplied with good preachers, or that the preachers cannot make or find good sermons—for it would not seem to be very clear where the shoe pinches. What a quarry might not they find in the comedies of Aristophanes! That our stage-preachers have no Greek (if they have none) need not stop them. They have no Norwegian, and that has not stopped them. The best of these comedies have been translated, and well translated. The language of the old Athenians may be a dead language, but the follies they used it to laugh at are no dead follies. The Sophist, "wandering [in his basket] between two worlds," the bawling Demagogue, the Political Woman—they are as fresh and active in the City of the Eternal Fog as they were in the City of the Violet Crown. Take the scene (from the *Knights*) where Cleon calls for help against his foes from the men he has been cajoling; take it in the words of the reverend and ingenious Mr. Mitchell:—

You whose food I'm still providing, straining voice through right and wrong—
Mark and see—conspiracy drives and buffets me along!

CHORUS.

'Tis with reason—'tis in season—'tis as you yourself have done:
Thou fang, thou claw—thou gulph, thou maw! Yielding partage fair to none.

Where's the officer at audit but has felt your cursed gripe?
Squeez'd and tried with nice discernment, whether yet the wretch be ripe.
Like the men our figs who gather, you are skilful to discern
Which is green and which is ripe, and which is just upon the turn.
Is there one well-purs'd among us, like a lamb in heart and life,
Link'd and wedded to retirement, hating business, hating strife?
Soon your greedy eye's upon him—when his mind is least at home—
Room and place—from farthest Thrace, at your bidding he must come.

Surely it would need no great genius to turn this passage to some present account, and there are many more not less to our purpose. Our preachers are not bound, we take it, to one particular line. The illicit intercourse of the sexes and all that comes from it are very well for the ladies whom the Norwegian Messiah, and his English hierophants have taken under their charge. But man, poor weak man, must sometimes have a change; it is a part of his hereditary disease.

In the two bulky volumes wherein the talents of S. G. O. have perhaps been rather buried than praised are many passages which have no longer heat nor life for us; but there are some which need not yet be discarded as "a pass'd mode, an outworn theme." There is one in the letter on education (October 24, 1864) which is particularly germane to the present moment. The writer discusses the nature of the connexion between education and strikes, which a quarter of a century ago was held by many employers of labour to be a very real thing. He discusses it clearly, impartially, sanely, as was his wont when he had his subject well in hand; but this particular passage was, as one may say, outside the discussion. Here it is:—"It may yet be some well-judging, sound man, with a heart to feel interest in the welfare of the operative class, may write the history of past 'strikes,' stating impartially their real origin, the exact nature of the matter in dispute, and the eventual result to employer and employed; the fault has not always been on one side, and it would be a blessing to both to have the whole truth put calmly on record. In my opinion, the great majority of workmen in all trades are, even now, sufficiently well educated to be open to the teaching such a narrative would offer."

This was written seven-and-twenty years ago, but the well-judging, sound man has not yet taken his pen in his hand. Much has of course, been written on strikes, and some of it

written well; but for the *impartial history* we still wait. Perhaps to write impartially on such a disturbing question would need the ultra-judicial temper of a Hallam or a Mackintosh. It is hard to keep an equal mind in recording the arts devised by human craft to foster the inherent folly of human nature. And yet the man who would lend his time and powers to an impartial history of the strikes organized and directed by this man Burns—"their real origin, the exact nature of the matter in dispute, and the *eventual result to employers and employed*"—would deserve very well of the State. The last point should be made particularly clear. What, for example, was the result of this Paphlagonian's interference to the unfortunate men on the Scotch railways last winter? What has happened in London—at Southampton? What happens everywhere and at every time when this Theudas leads out his men into the wilderness? Not long ago he plaintively announced that unless his exertions in the cause of suffering, sad humanity were more liberally recognized he should be under the painful necessity of returning to the daily toil and weekly wage of his unregenerate days. Mr. Eccles, it will be remembered, pleaded the cause of the poor and oppressed against the haughty and the strong by purloining the latter's coral as he lay asleep in his cradle, and converting it into drink at the nearest public-house. Mr. Eccles, were he alive now, would know a trick worth two of that.

But in all seriousness, if these unfortunate victims will not think for themselves, might not somebody think for them? There never was so much philanthropy about the world as now. Might not some of it be profitably employed in saving them from the inevitable results of their own blind folly? Cardinal Manning seems to have a valuable proportion of spare time on his august hands; he has a pretty vein of eloquence; he knows so many things hid from meaner intellects. "Old women," said the lively Praxinos, "can tell you everything about everything." No one would call the Cardinal an old woman; but a man who knows "what our Lord and His Apostles would do if they were in London" must certainly know more than most men. Why should he not help these poor fellows? We do not ourselves favour strikes, nor believe that salvation is to be won by them. Yet those most strongly opposed to them by reason of the many and certain evils, the little and doubtful good, that come in their train, will never assert that the state of things they are erroneously supposed to remedy needs no remedy. But no infectious disease can be cured till the agents of infection are discovered and stamped out. The agents of the infection now rife among our operative classes are plain enough to all but the sufferers. They alone cannot or will not see. It is not safe to rely too much on the reasoning powers of any sort or condition of men, and on the reasoning powers of that sort which our Paphlagonian has led into its present condition it is safest to rely very little. The man who earns his living by the sweat of his brow has ever been the prey of the man who earns his living by the strength of his lungs. "The demagogue," says S. G. O., "who reaps his harvest wheresoever there is discontent, coupled with ignorance, to see whether it has just grounds, would wish only for that much education among the operatives which would give them a taste for reading and for oratory without the discriminating power to discover the fallacies which may exist in print, or the cunning falsehoods which may be clothed in eloquence." Then he refers to the eloquence and the oratory which stirred the mob in bygone days, in the days of the Northern riots, and asking triumphantly, "Would such trash go down now?" answers for himself, that it "would not take in the boy who oils the machinery of any workshop in the kingdom." If that answer was true seven-and-twenty years ago, then our scheme of universal education has done us an ill turn, for assuredly it is not true now. The trash goes down as smoothly and gratefully as ever; never was greater trash talked, outside the House of Commons. But where reason fails the instinct of self-preservation may succeed. If that can be roused, the occupation of Burns and of men like him would be gone. The only plan to rouse it is that recommended by S. G. O.—an impartial history of past strikes, *especially marking the eventual result to employers and employed*. If this were done, the Paphlagonian would soon share the fate of Sergeant Quacko's "dam fetish." The working-man may not know what he wants, but he knows what he does not want. He does not want an empty grate, an empty cupboard, a family crying for the bread he has taken from their mouths and thrown to dogs. A broken head is a poor salve for a hungry stomach. The Rights of Labour is a fine mouth-filling phrase; but when the Rights lead only to the pawnshop, the workhouse, and the treadmill, they are all Wrongs for him. When he realizes that this is the inevitable result of his fetish-worship, he will no longer stick a feather in the tail of the ugly image and give it chicken; he will rather, honest man, kick it into the lee-scuppers.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

SO much had been said in theatrical and literary circles concerning Messrs. J. M. Barrie and H. B. Marriott Watson's play, *Richard Savage*, that expectation was great, and hence doubtless the unusual brilliance of the audience which assembled

to witness a *matinée* performance of the piece last Thursday afternoon at the Criterion Theatre. Unfortunately, without proving an absolute failure, the play did not fulfil all that had been promised for it. The subject is interesting and the period picturesque. The hero is a notoriety rather than a genuine celebrity, whose tragic story has always obtained for him a sympathy which he shares with Chatterton. But, unfortunately, Messrs. Barrie and Marriott Watson have missed their opportunity, and they have done so from carelessness. They have not even taken the trouble to read up the period in which the action of their drama takes place, else surely they would not have made such an egregious mistake as to represent Congreve and Sir Godfrey Kneller at supper together at the Kit-Cat Club, in the last days of Richard Savage. Savage was born in 1697, and Kneller died in 1723; whereas Congreve died in 1728, exactly fifteen years before Savage, who was seized with a fever early in July 1743, and expired on August 1, in his forty-sixth year. These are, perhaps, from a purely theatrical point of view, trifling matters, still they show clearly enough that the authors have approached their subject, to say the least, very light-heartedly. Then the dialogue is a sort of clumsy mosaic, bits of which have been borrowed from all the dramatists included between the reigns of Elizabeth and George III. Now we have a purely Shakspearian expression, then one which is strictly Caroline. Next we have a scene imitated from Congreve, and another which has a strong flavour of Colley Cibber. If the authors wanted to have their dialogue accurate and quaint without affectation they should have read up their *Esmond* or some of the more famous of Scott's romances, not to mention those of Fielding and Smollett, and even Richard Savage's own play, *Sir Thomas Overbury*, which is much less artificial in style than the modern piece to which he is condemned to give his name. Still, for all its many faults, *Richard Savage* is an interesting work, and contains some remarkably good scenes and "situations." The second act is by far the best, although people wondered how it ever came to pass that mud-bespattered Dick Savage contrived to get into Lady Macclesfield's magnificent boudoir on a reception night. The meeting of the mother and son is sufficiently dramatic to rivet interest and to lead up to what was almost a superlatively fine climax, in which the disowned bastard denounces his unnatural mother to her guests. An anti-climax, caused by Betty Steele, Sir Richard's daughter, rushing into Dick's arms at the wrong moment, diverted attention, and marred an otherwise strong effect, which was still further spoiled by Lady Macclesfield exclaiming in a stage-whisper, "He is my son—my son!" as the curtain fell. Had the act closed with Savage's fierce exposure of the Countess's infamous treachery, the scene would have gained immensely in power. The last scene is made uncomfortably gloomy by Richard Savage, who is pronounced to be dead from his wounds, and left as such on a sofa, suddenly coming to life again, and, hidden by a screen, hearing a few unpleasant home-truths not calculated to improve his opinion of his mother and his friends. Even Miss Steele, who was about to marry him, speaks rather gleefully of his departure and of her immediate intention to bestow her hand on his rival, Aynston. There is very little plot. The story is direct enough, and Lady Macclesfield, on becoming aware that her illegitimate son has discovered she is his mother, immediately employs her paramour, Colonel Jocelyn, to waylay him and have him conveyed on board a slaver bound for the colonies. He escapes, and manages, as already intimated, to enter her ladyship's boudoir and have a very unpleasant interview with her, at the termination of which he unmasks her in truly melodramatic fashion. Then in due time he finds out that Jocelyn is the traitor and kills him in a duel, being, however, mortally wounded himself. At last he dies, much to the grief of Lady Macclesfield, who has on a sudden become most amiably disposed in his favour. There is a sub-plot of a lighter character; but it is neither amusing nor well conceived. The characters are fairly well sketched, only not one of them—no, not even Savage himself—stands out in any kind of bold prominence. They are mere figures—*maschere*, as the Italians say—and yet the subject is so fascinating that, with all its glaring defects, the audience was affected by the sad story of a man who was so singular a mixture of good and evil.

But the tale could bear better treatment than it has received from Messrs. Barrie and Watson, for it is intensely dramatic. Fortunately for the two authors, their piece, which was introduced by a prologue written by Mr. W. E. Henley, was not only well staged, but admirably acted. Mr. Bernard Gould played Richard Savage with much feeling and pathos, albeit he was occasionally monotonous. The Sir Richard Steele of Mr. Cyril Maude was excellent—and so, by the way, was the Colonel Jocelyn of Mr. Leonard Outram. Miss Louise Moodie, a most painstaking and admirable actress, was a dignified Lady Macclesfield; Miss Marie Fraser, we hope, was purposely affected as Lady Yuill. Miss Helen Forsyth was a winsome Betty Steele, and needless to say Miss Phyllis Broughton was charming as a waiting-maid. By the way, Sir Richard Steele had been in his grave twenty years when Savage died. Absolute accuracy in a so-called historical drama is not possible, but surely such glaring anachronisms as we have pointed out might easily be avoided, especially in this case, when there were so many great men still living to introduce into the piece, who would have served the author's purpose quite as well as these "dead and gone heroes." Savage's chief friend in the last years of his unhappy life was Alexander Pope, who, as

most people will remember, disgusted at his way of living, wrote him a fierce letter, accusing him of the basest ingratitude. It is said this letter broke poor Dick's heart, for he died very soon after receiving it.

CLEARING THE UNIVERSE.

IN one issue of a newspaper the other day we remarked three paragraphs. The first announced that "the most prized of our orchids are reported to be rapidly disappearing from their native places"; the second, that "the only hope of preserving the fur-seal from extermination is said to be to stay their slaughter for six or seven years"; the third, that "nearly all the principal animals indigenous to the United States are either substantially extinct, or in immediate danger of becoming so." These are the words of Professor Langley, head of the National Zoological Park at Washington. Three such statements, published side by side, as it were, upon authority, give food for thought. Incontrovertible in themselves, their significance might be strengthened by endless illustrations. As regards orchids, Messrs. Stevens announced last month, at a public sale, that the Government of Ceylon has forbidden the gathering of a certain species—*Dendrobium McCarthyæ*—for an indefinite time, to preserve it from extinction. Another, the loveliest of all, as some think, *Lælia elegans*, would have vanished from this lower sphere had not some few specimens found a lodgment on cliffs absolutely inaccessible, where the Indians eye them with vain longing. Of the grand variety of *Lælia purpurata*, which enthusiasts call the "true," not a plant remains in its native seat. The commonest of fine orchids half a century ago were *Cattleya's Mossie* and *Triana*, as we perceive by the great quantity still surviving in our greenhouses. At this time, they are classed among the rarest in Caracas. The best variety of *Odontoglossum crispum* was found along the Pacho River in such profusion that early collectors pronounced the supply inexhaustible; the *Journal des Orchidées* states that "only a few plants are now left." Not to prolong the list, it may be declared that every species, in every part of the world, for which there is a great demand, begins to fail. They cannot be replaced unless Government interfere—and vigorously too, for the profits of smuggling, while they last, would be enormous. Orchids will become a royal fashion, indeed, when they cease to be weeds in their native home. Among the hundreds of skilful horticulturists who have tried again and again in the last half-century, but one has been successful in raising any member of the great *Odontoglossum* family from seed; this happy individual is M. Leroy, gardener to M. Edmond de Rothschild, and his plants have not yet flowered. Other genera less intractable demand five to sixteen years of most careful cultivation before they produce a bloom. Which means, in brief, that the grower would ask their weight in gold for his nurselings.

But orchids are commonly regarded, even now, as luxuries in which the general public has no interest. That is a grievous mistake, but we may let it pass. The public feels an interest, however, in fish, and that product also is threatened. Year by year the trawlers seek new ground, and still the price rises. They have cleared our coasts so far that fishermen themselves, the least nervous of mortals, and not the most intelligent, demand protection, to save their industry from collapse. It is not worth while to speak of oysters. All the world knows that our famous "natives" have vanished, and miscellaneous foreign species occupy their beds. For the daily supply of lobsters we depend on Scandinavia, eked out by America; how long these will last is a matter for calculation. Such inland waters as are open to the public have been cleared of big fish long ago, and the continual replenishments scarcely keep pace with the multiplication of anglers. So desperate we grow that perilous designs of acclimatization are welcomed. The black bass of America, the silurus of Southern Europe, will be turned down shortly in our narrow streams and tiny lakes, where assuredly, if they themselves give sport, they will kill off all the natives. A pastime which some of us remember with especial delight, "tickling," or "grappling," is forbidden by law; with reason enough under the circumstances. Like its rival in the memory of veterans, birds'-nesting, it had to be suppressed for the "preservation of the species." Country lads find more blameless sports now, perhaps. So we must hope. But the pursuit of Lepidoptera is not for all, and there are still myriads of boys who can rarely enjoy a game at cricket in the holidays. They suffer by the clearing out of wild creatures which have amused every generation of English youth. And the farmers suffer also. Eagles, kites, buzzards, and buzzards have gone. Owls and hawks are following. While we write, Parliament is debating whether or no it is worth while to arrest the extermination of hares.

The romance of the universe will be eclipsed when wild beasts disappear; and the time draws on. Professor Langley, whom we have quoted, makes a strong appeal for the preservation of such as still survive in North America. May it be successful; but we fear. Close seasons may be appointed, and hunting parties may be forbidden. But the area of cultivation will spread, and settlers will still be armed with weapons more and more deadly. The same process is going on everywhere. Startling it is to learn, for those who knew South Africa but twenty years ago, how far a man must travel beyond the Orange River to find

even springbok—an antelope which he remembers covering the veldt in thousands as he drove northward from the Karoo. The zebra alone appears to be actually lost; but all other species which were prized in Cape Colony are represented by a few specimens here and there. Government is roused, and some land-owners preserve strictly. But as men multiply they will have land, and they cannot be prevented from shooting game to eat. Already there is an agitation to do away with the Reserve at Uitenage, where the last survivors of the elephant in South Africa find a narrow home. It may succeed presently; but before those pachyderms vanish they may also have outlived their kindred beyond the frontier. As peace is established in Central Africa population will grow, and in defence of their crops the natives must wage war upon the most destructive of all animals—putting ivory and "sport" aside. The hippopotamus, the rhinoceros, which do not seek the shelter of dense forests, will even predecease the elephant. Buffalo will last longer, no doubt; but the antelopes, all of which haunt pasture-land, and are all food, will not hold their own so long. And the great felines must go with them.

It is the same in Asia. Elephants have been preserved for a good many years now in the Indian and Cingalese jungles, where they still exist. But these jungles narrow continually. The Census returns published a few days ago show an increase of twenty-two million souls, the vast majority of whom belong to the agricultural class. They encroach on the forests and the waste lands year by year. It is cultivation, not slaughter, which thins wild beasts. There is a pathetic passage in Sir Samuel Baker's recent work. He tells of a visit paid—in 1878, if we remember rightly—to the hunting grounds of his youth in Ceylon. Not a head of game could he find in districts which teemed with deer and buffalo thirty years before. Thirty years hence, so far as we can see, big game will be extinct in Ceylon.

It is all for the best, no doubt. Wild beasts have become a sort of anachronism all over a world full of beasts that are not ostensibly wild. But something of interest will vanish from human life when they are lost. Increase and multiply and replenish the earth is a divine command, but in fulfilling our destiny faster and faster, we seem to be exterminating the beautiful. Nor is it by any means assured that Nature will not exact compensation. But a month ago one would have declared with absolute confidence that the extinction of alligators would be a blessing unmixed. Not a redeeming virtue of any kind do those brutes possess, we thought, and all who know them had been rejoicing to hear that the demand for alligator leather threatened their existence. But now we learn that the waning of their numbers is spreading panic in Florida. The muskrat increases so fast that riverside plantations have been ruined. And the danger grows more serious month by month. An Act has been hurried through the Legislature, imposing a fine of one hundred dollars on the man who wilfully kills an alligator, under any circumstances, during the next three years. No stronger instance could be found of the peril that attends human interference with the system of Nature.

MONEY MATTERS.

ON Monday the new Victorian loan of 3,000,000*l.* sterling, bearing interest at 3*½* per cent., was offered for tender, the minimum price being fixed at 97*½*. The tenders amounted to barely 2,000,000*l.*, and the average price was 97*½* per cent., or barely 1*½* *l.* 4*d.* per cent. above the minimum. Thus only two-thirds of the amount offered was subscribed for, and the remaining one-third was instantly withdrawn. We have frequently in these columns warned the Colonial Governments that they were piling up debt too hastily, and that if they did not change their policy they would inevitably land themselves in difficulties. We are glad to find that the investing public at home has at last given them notice that they must pursue a more prudent course. In saying this we do not mean to imply that the colonies generally, and least of all Victoria, are unable to pay their way, or even that they are seriously embarrassed; but we do hold strongly that for some years past they have been mortgaging their future too heavily. They were encouraged to do this by the high credit they had in London; and the success of loan after loan was assured by the operations of great syndicates, which subscribed *en bloc* for the loans, and then sold them piecemeal to the public as opportunity offered. The crisis of last year broke up the syndicates; there is now no artificial support for Colonial stocks, and the investing public, being left to itself, has begun to come round to our opinion that the Colonial Governments have been borrowing too rapidly. The population of Victoria is under a million and a quarter, and its debt at the present time amounts to nearly 40 millions sterling. For such a population the debt is clearly out of proportion. We may be told, of course, that the debt has been raised mainly for reproductive works; but that is not a sufficient answer. Even countries so rich as France and the United States have found that reproductive public works might be pushed on too quickly and might involve them in the most serious embarrassments. How much more likely is it that a new country like Victoria should suffer? Besides, we would point out that reproductive public works do not always earn enough to defray the interest on the debt, and we fear that the public works finance administration is by no

means what it ought to be. Victoria, however, is not the greatest sinner in regard to the haste with which it has piled debt upon debt. All our colonies have erred in the same way, and some of them much more than Victoria. Confining ourselves for the present to Australasia, we find that these colonies owed at the end of 1888 very nearly 168 millions sterling, being equal to 42*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* per head of the population. Granted that the incomes of the populations in such new communities as the Australasian colonies are larger than in old countries, still this average is excessively heavy, and it shows what great need there is for more caution in the future. Queensland has the heaviest debt in proportion to its population; New Zealand has the next heaviest; South Australia stands third; New South Wales fourth; Victoria fifth; Tasmania sixth; and Western Australia seventh. Therefore there are four of the Australasian colonies which have been more reckless than even Victoria in borrowing. In the case of Queensland the debt averages 66*l.* 13*s.* 10*d.* per head of the population. In the case of New Zealand it averages 63*l.* 2*s.* per head; in the case of South Australia 60*l.* 3*s.* 1*d.*; and in the case of New South Wales 40*l.* 12*s.* 4*d.*; while in the case of Victoria it is only 31*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* Compared with the population, therefore, the debt in Queensland is more than twice as heavy as in Victoria; in New Zealand it is twice as heavy; and it is nearly twice as heavy in South Australia. It was hardly to be expected, perhaps, that the Colonial Governments would stop borrowing as long as British investors were ready to supply them on favourable terms. Now, however, that British investors begin to show less willingness to take the loans, and to insist on more onerous terms, it is to be hoped that the Governments will adopt a more prudent policy. In the long run they will find it far the most expedient. Their population will learn to grow up relying more upon their own efforts and less upon assistance from the mother-country. At the same time, they will not engage in expenditure not immediately needed, but will put off improvements which can be postponed until the home resources are more nearly equal to them. The growth of the colonies may not be quite so quick, but it will be more assured, and it will not be exposed to so many perils. So far as our own investors are concerned, it is well that they should take to heart the lesson furnished by the recent experience of Argentina, and should not go on lending too recklessly to the colonies, and thereby risking their own savings.

The Directors of the Bank of England on Thursday raised their rate of discount from 3 per cent., at which it had stood since January 29th—a period of eleven weeks—to 3½ per cent. There is nothing in the state of trade or the condition of credit at home to cause the change; it is rendered necessary solely by the foreign demand for gold. During the week ended Wednesday night the withdrawals amounted to 645,000*l.*, of which 600,000*l.* were for Russia; and Russia still is in a position to withdraw far larger amounts, though it is believed that for the present, at all events, she will not take more. There is also a German demand, and there is fear that a French demand may spring up when the Portuguese tobacco monopoly issue is made. But the reserve of the Bank is so small that it cannot afford to lose much more of the metal. The Russian withdrawals made such an impression upon the outside market that early in the week bill-brokers discounted bills only on condition that if a rise in the rate should take place they were to receive half the advance. In some cases they insisted upon the full 3 per cent. It is to be hoped that the Directors of the Bank will now make the 3½ per cent. rate effective; if they do not the change will be useless, gold will continue to be taken away, and another advance will become necessary before long.

The price of silver fell on Thursday to 44½*d.* per ounce. The market is decidedly weak, and probably there will be a further decline. The price is regulated almost entirely at present by the New York market, and New York is disturbed by the long-continued gold shipments, which make it more difficult for the speculators to continue their operations, and also by the magnitude of the stock of silver which has accumulated during the past eight or nine months. The Indian demand is unusually small for this time of the year, and there is no Continental demand worth speaking of.

The attempt to revive speculation in the market for American railroad securities, which it was hoped would be successful last week, has this week received a check. Partly this is due to the disturbance of the money market caused by the gold withdrawals, but mainly it is due to the continued distrust and to the fear that has sprung up in New York that the efforts to settle the quarrels of the Western Railroad Companies will fail. A meeting of delegates representing the Railroad Association met early in the week at Chicago, but a quorum could not be formed. Some of the most important railroad magnates were absent, amongst them being Mr. Jay Gould, who had been most conspicuous in forming the Association, and upon whom most reliance was placed for making it successful. His absence has alarmed speculators; they fear that he is once more bent upon tricking the market, and they hastened to protect themselves by selling. The breakdown in New York has, of course, led to lower prices in London, and has added to the discouragement prevailing here. There was, however, a recovery on Thursday. Another cause of discouragement and depression is the revived warlike rumours. In the City the belief is almost general still that peace will be maintained; but people recognize, all the same, that alarm may be caused by the rumours which are spread day after day, and that

in consequence there may be a crisis on some of the Continental Bourses. Then again, there are fears of more banking difficulties in Paris. It is known that some of the deposit banks there are greatly embarrassed; there have been reports that a run upon them was beginning; and it is also said that some of the greatest operators in Paris are combining to ruin these banks. Lastly, the withdrawals of gold from London by the Russian Government, and the remittance of the money to Berlin is perplexing observers. People ask whether the motive is political, or whether the Russian Government fears that a crisis is impending in Berlin, and therefore is taking measures to assist that market, for the sake of insuring the success of the new Conversion operation in which it is engaged. Probably there is no ground for the uneasiness, the Russian Government having to provide means to pay off bonds not converted.

All these adverse influences are heightened by fresh disquieting rumours from the Argentine Republic. Last week it was announced by telegraph that several generals and an admiral had protested against the coalition of General Mitre and General Roca; this week we have been informed that the generals and the admiral have been arrested; and, as military arrests preceded the Revolution last summer, the news, of course, has caused apprehension. A still worse impression has been made by the telegraphic summary of the message addressed by the Governor of the Province of Buenos Ayres to his legislative Assembly. Apparently he sets himself in violent opposition to the National Government, and proposes a measure which, if adopted, would prevent the liquidation of the Provincial Bank and its amalgamation with the National Bank, and calls upon the Province to support the Provincial Bank. All this looks like a conflict between the National Government and the greatest and richest of the Provinces, and, of course, is well calculated to disturb the minds of investors. Lastly, it appears that the unpopularity of General Roca is increasing, and it is also said that a split has taken place in the Union Civica, one section apparently being intent upon violent measures.

The fall in Argentine securities still goes on, as is not surprising considering the grievous state of the country and the continuance of the crisis. The Argentine Five per Cent. Loan of 1886 closed on Thursday evening at 70½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 1½. On the other hand, the Four-and-a-Half per Cent. Loan rose ½, closing at 43½. The interest on the former loan, as our readers will recollect, is payable, according to the agreement with the London Committee, in gold, whereas that of the latter is funded. The market doubts whether the Argentine Government will be able to fulfil its contract with the Committee, while in the lower-priced loan there is some speculation. The National Cédulas, A series, closed on Thursday at 22½, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 2; the B series closed also at 22½, a fall of ½; and the E series closed at 21½, a fall of 1. In Argentine Railway stocks there has been less movement this week. Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary stock closed on Thursday evening at 117 to 120, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of 3; but the Central Argentine closed at 70 to 74, a rise of 1. It will be recollected that the latter stock has fallen from 220 in 1889, that is to say, the price is now barely one-third of what it was less than two years ago. In Brazilian stocks there has also been a sharp fall. The bonds of 1888 closed on Thursday evening at 73, a fall of 1½ compared with the preceding Thursday; and the bonds of 1889 closed at 67½, a fall of 2. Chilean bonds, however, have suffered during the week much more than other South American securities. They have been surprisingly maintained in price hitherto, but the Four-and-a-Half per Cents. of 1886 closed on Thursday evening at 77, a fall compared with the preceding Thursday of as much as 9. In International securities there has also been a general downward tendency. Thus French Three per Cents. closed on Thursday at 94, a fall for the week of ½; and Portuguese Threes close at 55½, a fall of ½. Although there has been a decided check to speculation in the American market, the rise at the end of last week was so rapid that not much fall is shown when we compare the prices at the close on Thursday with those of the preceding Thursday. Atchison shares, indeed, show a rise of ¾, having closed on Thursday at 31½, and Erie shares show a rise of ¾, having closed on Thursday at 20½; but Northern Pacific Preferred show a fall of 2½, having closed on Thursday evening at 69½; Reading shares show a fall of ¾, having closed on Thursday at 16½; and Union Pacific show a fall of 1, having closed at 48½. All these securities, our readers will recollect, are mere gambling counters which investors will do well to avoid. In Home Railway stocks the movements have generally been downward, especially in the heavy stocks. Thus London and North-Western closed on Thursday at 173, a fall of 1½ compared with the preceding Thursday; and Great Western closed at 158½, a fall of 1½. On the other hand, South African Land and Mining shares show a general advance. Oceana closed at 51½, a rise of ½ for the week; and Robinson and City and Suburban rose ¼ for the week, the former closing at 2½, and the latter at 4½.

BEFORE THE FOOTLIGHTS.

SOMEbody once expressed an opinion that it was highly desirable *The School for Scandal* should be modernized and presented with costumes and accessories up to date. If that sagacious person wishes to realize for himself the error of his opinion, he should forthwith betake himself to the Vaudeville and see Lord Lytton's *Money* in the costumes of 1891. It produces the most curious effect imaginable to see people dressed even as we are ourselves, and then hear them talk the quaint, high-falutin' rubbish which was considered "style" in old days, and which was not so uncommon in everyday life as perhaps we fancy. So that when Evelyn declares that he intends to "carry to the altar a soul resolute to deserve affection, and determined to fulfil the vows of his heart," we may imagine that the audience who assisted at the first presentation of this comedy were not a bit amused at what would seem to us the hero's preposterous affectation. *Money* is not only old-fashioned, but it is absolutely antiquated, almost as much so as *The Belle's Stratagem*, and demands the dress of the period in which it was written. Then it becomes amusing. Clara in her short-waist muslin-gown, Lady Franklyn in turban and pearls "so becoming," Dudley Smooth with a snuff-box, and Evelyn himself dressed à la D'Orsay, are at any rate picturesque and interesting. *Money* is very well acted at the Vaudeville. A better Evelyn than Mr. H. Conway we have never seen, and Miss Dorothy Dorr is a quite charming Clara—at once dignified and pathetic. Mr. Thorne as Graves, and Miss Kate Phillips as Lady Franklyn, might with advantage stick to their text and not "gag" so much, else they are excellent. The twenty-first birthday, so to speak, of the Vaudeville Theatre was celebrated on Thursday, when a very handsome service of plate was presented to Mr. Thorne, and an elegant address by Mr. Clement Scott was read, amid much cheering, by Mr. Henry Irving.

It is a pity Miss Alice Atherton should have selected Mr. T. G. Warren and Mr. Willie Edouin's new play, *Our Daughters*, for her first appearance at the Strand after a long holiday. The comedy is a most ordinary one, and the worst of it is neither Miss Atherton nor Mr. Edouin are well provided with parts to suit them. Miss Atherton's affords her scarcely an opportunity for the display of her peculiarly vivacious talent; but she availed herself of the few stray chances she had and was greatly applauded and literally smothered in "floral offerings." Mr. Willie Edouin, too, had a Herculean task to extract fun from so dry a part as his—that of an old bachelor with a taste for roulette and Stock Exchange gambling. Miss May Whitty, usually the life and soul of a piece in which she appears, was crushed by the platitudes of Nellie. If *Our Daughters* is to go into the regular evening programme, it will have to be very considerably altered and improved.

Hamlet is not a part which, according to our views, suits Mr. Wilson Barrett, although he acts it earnestly and with a certain amount of picturesqueness which commands respect. His performance, however, has not matured in any way since its first trial at the Princess's in 1884. Mr. Barrett's Hamlet remains a rather elderly-looking boy, with a melancholy and monotonous voice, and the Queen—very well played by Miss Moodie—is still kept apparently young enough to be Hamlet's sister. Mr. Wilson Barrett, moreover, retains the garden scene, which provoked a good deal more controversy than it was worth, for, after all, it is not where the play is performed, but how it is acted, which is the question. We do not like the idea of an *à fresco* fête in "a nipping and an eager air." In the earlier scenes Mr. Barrett is excellent, but in the closet scene he produces his well-known miniatures, and exhibits his art at its worst. The last act is made interesting by the excellence of Mr. George Barrett's Grave-digger. Miss Winifred Emery is a graceful Ophelia, winsome and pathetic, but recalling again and again only too forcibly Miss Ellen Terry in the same part—an excellent model, it is true, but were it not best to be original? The scenery is fine, and the piece is well staged. In active preparation at the Olympic is a new version of *Belphegor*, which will be produced next Tuesday evening.

On Saturday night Mr. Charles Warner appeared at Drury Lane in that still popular and vigorous play, *It's Never Too Late to Mend*. He acts the part of the long-suffering but genial hero with much force and conviction. Mr. Harry Nicholls was amusing as Peter Crawley, and Mr. Edmund Gurney was excellent as the distressed young farmer, George Fielding. The Jew Isaac of Mr. Henry Lorraine was rather offensively conventional, and Mr. Julian Cross was as brutal as possible as the cruel gaol-governor, Mr. Hawes. Nothing but praise can be said of the Rev. Mr. Eden of Mr. Mark Quinton, a truly pathetic and gentle figure. Equally good is the Australian native, "Jackey," most drolly acted by Mr. Harry Fischer. Miss Kate Maccabe as the poor boy Josephs, who dies from ill-treatment in prison, brought forth the pocket-handkerchiefs in the pit and gallery in the most approved style. Miss Jessie Millward was admirable as the heroine. "That's the sort of a piece, boy," said one youth from the gallery to another as he passed out into the street, "as does a fellow as much good as any sermon." And so it does. *It's Never Too Late to Mend* is a noble drama, admirably constructed and written, and full of fine sentiment.

Mr. J. L. Toole has returned to us in excellent health and spirits. During his tour of Australia he was received everywhere with the utmost cordiality and hospitality. He makes

his first appearance at his own theatre on Thursday next in *The Upper Crust*, one of his most popular and amusing pieces.

More Ibsen! On the 20th we shall have a *matinée* performance of *Hedda Gabler* at the Vaudeville, and early in May Mrs. Aveling's version of *The Lady from the Sea* at Terry's Theatre.

Through the immense success of *L'Enfant Prodigue* at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, *Maid Marian* will be withdrawn, and the most delightful of pantomimes substituted. There will be, in addition to the nightly performance of this fascinating piece, *matinées* on every Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday.

THE WEATHER.

ANOTHER chilly, but otherwise uneventful, week has passed over us, and there are no signs of a regular outburst of spring, though the agricultural reports in the newspapers say that the corn does not look badly for the time of year. Some little rain has fallen generally; but in these islands the quantity has been very small. We have had one or two attempts of the warm Atlantic air to force its way in over us, but these have all failed. Yesterday week the barometer all along the west coast fell somewhat, and fresh south-east winds began; but this passed off again by Sunday, on which day we, in London, were visited by very heavy showers, although the wind was from north-east—usually a dry quarter—in fact, according to the reports of two independent observers, we had a somewhat narrow escape in London from a visit of a slight whirlwind. At 1.30 p.m., and again at 4 p.m., the rain-clouds over us let down a wisp of cloud towards the earth, which exhibited a whirling motion. This, in a more accentuated form, is the dreaded so-called tornado cloud of which we hear so much in the United States. On each occasion on Sunday the rain-shower was exceedingly heavy, and in parts hail was noticed. Near Croydon more than half an inch of rain was collected. On Monday morning the second attempt to break up our dry weather occurred, for the chart showed a clearly-marked depression lying off the mouth of the Channel, and, looking at the whole of Western Europe, three others were discernible, one over the Gulf of Genoa, another over Poland, and the third outside the Hebrides. None of these were serious, and so they produced no gales; but heavy rain fell locally, particularly at Berlin and in the West and South of France. By Tuesday all was calm again, and up to Wednesday evening there are no signs of any disturbance approaching us. The temperature has been persistently low, and occasionally frost has been reported. On Monday night the thermometer near London fell as low as to 21°, eleven degrees below freezing.

Some idea of the gravity of our present condition as regards the store of water in our springs, and of the desirableness of a heavy downpour, may be gathered from the fact that up to the present date the deficiency in the fall of rain since the beginning of the year already exceeds five inches in the South of Ireland, and is more than four inches in the West of England and Scotland. The only district which has received its due amount of rain for 1891 is the extreme North of Scotland.

RECENT CONCERTS.

WITH the exception of the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace, which have taken place as usual during the last three weeks, there has been a welcome break in the number of concerts and recitals. Possibly owing to the field being clear, the programmes of the last three Sydenham Concerts have not been particularly interesting, with the exception of that in the afternoon of the 28th ult., when Miss Dora Bright was the pianist, and played for her chief solo a well-written and melodious Concerto of her own composition. Though the work had been previously heard when the composer was still a student at the Academy, it has recently been much altered and re-written, and in its present form has been received with signal favour in Germany. Its chief characteristics are clearness of form and grace of melody; the last movement, in which a Tarantella subject is a principal feature, is really a clever and ingenious piece of writing. The vocal selections at this concert were more than ordinarily good. Mrs. Hutchinson gave a brilliant performance of Mendelssohn's Scena "Infelice," and also brought forward a graceful little song from Arne's *Fall of Phæton*, which was sung to the composer's original string accompaniments. A fine performance of Beethoven's too-rarely heard Fourth Symphony completed a very interesting concert. On the following Saturday the programme was devoted to a performance of Dr. Mackenzie's *Dream of Jubal*, which is now too familiar a work to call for criticism. Last Saturday the chief feature of interest was the appearance of Mr. Frederic Lamond, the young Scotch pianist, who was heard in Henselt's Pianoforte Concerto in F, a work more remarkable for the difficulty of the solo part than for any intrinsic merit of the composition. It was admirably played by Mr. Lamond, who has developed of late into a pianist of the first rank. The programme commenced with Brahms's fine Tragic Overture, which, as well as Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, was played to perfection by Mr. Manns' orchestra. The vocalist was Mme. Valda, who repeated the performance of the air from

B

Rubinstein's *Demon*, in which she was recently heard at the Philharmonic.

At Señor Albeniz's Subscription Concert, on the afternoon of the 9th, the programme had to be altered owing to the non-appearance of Mr. Plunket Greene, who was prevented from singing by a domestic bereavement. His place was taken by Mr. Wilfred Cunliffe, whose singing is always careful and conscientious. The other vocalists were Mr. Henry Guy and Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the former of whom sang songs by Schubert and Beethoven, and the latter Schubert's "Der Leiermann," Mendelssohn's "An die Entfernte," and Liszt's "König in Thule." It was a pity that so good a selection of songs did not prove more effective, but Mme. Sterling was obviously suffering from hoarseness, and matters were not improved for her by the way in which the accompaniments to her songs were played. Señor Albeniz was heard in Chopin's Andante Spianato and Polonaise in E flat, as well as in two pieces by Scarlatti and in three of his own graceful little compositions, in all of which his delicate playing was as full of charm as ever. The violinist was M. Tivadar Nachez, who played Bach's Partita in B Minor for Violin Solo, and Corelli's Variations on the "Folies d'Espagne"; Bach's work proved almost beyond his powers, but his playing of Corelli was better than anything he has done for some time. The concert began with the duet from Mozart's *Zauberflöte*, "La dove prende," sung by a tenor and baritone, an innovation which calls for a word of protest.

One of the best minor concerts given for some time took place at St. James's Hall last Saturday, when Mr. Willy Hess—the leader of Sir Charles Hallé's Manchester band—and Mr. Hugo Becker—a son of the founder of the celebrated Florentine Quartet—assisted by Mr. Borwick and Fräulein Fillunger, gave the first of a series of three Violin and Violoncello Recitals. Mr. Hess's and Mr. Borwick's performances are familiar, but Mr. Becker was a newcomer, though he soon showed that he is an artist of very high merit. His tone and execution are admirable, and if his readings occasionally tend towards extravagance, it is a fault which is common with young players, and is at least preferable to a dry and unintelligent style. The performance of Beethoven's B flat Trio (Op. 97) was extremely fine, all three artists playing with wonderful fire and intensity; indeed, the whole concert was so good that it would be invidious to signal out any especial member for praise: it is seldom so uniform a level of excellence is attained by all performers.

Gounod's *Mors et Vita*, which was performed by the Royal Choral Society last Wednesday evening, has never succeeded in taking the place in public esteem which has been accorded to the same composer's *Redemption*. The reason of this is obvious; for the work, in spite of much earnestness and good intention, is decidedly monotonous and heavy, and at times the music is actually ugly—a rare thing with so melodious a composer as M. Gounod. Since it was first produced at Birmingham in 1885 it has not been much heard, and Wednesday's performance, therefore, was probably a novelty to most of the audience. In spite of the admirable singing of Mme. Albani, Miss Hilda Wilson, Messrs. Lloyd and Watkin Mills, and general excellence of the performance under Dr. Mackenzie's conductorship, *Mors et Vita* was only moderately successful, and evidently failed to make any deep impression on the large audience assembled. The work was performed almost in its entirety, the two quartets *Pie Jesu* and *Lacrymæ, dolor, mors*, being only omitted.

Of the minor concerts of the week, a mere record must suffice of that given by Mr. Percy Notcutt at St. James's Hall on Monday afternoon, at which a large audience was assembled, and of that given by Mlle. Rosina Isidor on Tuesday evening at the Portman Rooms.

REVIEWS.

TWO BOOKS ON CANADA.*

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH'S book on Canada has one merit obvious to all—the merit of coming at the right time. Canada and the Canadian question have been much to the fore and will be so for some time, the latter perhaps, or even certainly, in a much more acute form than at present. It would, therefore, be a piece of good luck to have a careful study of the country, its history, its institutions and their working, its social life and its commerce, all within the compass of one volume, even if it were only a piece of commonplace and plodding work. But commonplace and plodding are two words not to be applied to anything written by Mr. Goldwin Smith. They might as well be written of Mr. Froude, with whom, and we say it in compliment to both, he has much in common, little as their opinions may agree. Both have a perfectly clear conception of what they mean, what they like, what they dislike. Both have as a guide a body of doctrine not set forth, perhaps not capable of being dogmatically set forth, in so many maxims, but always present with them and manifest by its workings. Both are masters of nervous English and can use it with absolute ease and craftsmanship. Both can

look at their subject as a whole and handle it with that "Order and Distribution and Singling out of Parts" which "is the life of *Dispatch*," and, where they are proper to the kind, the life of literature too. All these qualities are present in this volume, coloured and animated by the something which is Mr. Goldwin Smith. For that the reader will, if he is fit, make allowance with due admiration and enjoyment, but preserving a firm, though always respectful, resolution to draw his own deductions from the evidence which is set before him with manifest skill and transparent honesty.

There are certain points on which Mr. Goldwin Smith will, we presume, not expect us to agree with him. With, as we trust, a due estimate of the weight of physical geography, and of the pressure it can bring to bear on merely political geography, we cannot hold that it is enough to look at the map, and then, remembering the wisdom of Sir George Cornewall Lewis and other Whig luminaries, to reconcile ourselves, calmly, still less with joy, to the separation from England of what has been won by the blood, the brains, and the sweat of Englishmen. Physical geography is much, and material interests are great, but they are not everything. Prussia, the Austrian Empire, and Portugal have lived in spite of one or other, or both. But to ask Mr. Goldwin Smith to agree thoroughly with us would be to ask him not to be himself. It would be the more foolish because there are so many points on which we agree, and they are so vital. The wiser and more profitable course is, leaving aside what Mr. Goldwin Smith thinks will be, and ought to be, the future of Canada, to look carefully at what he has to say of its condition now, and of the past, which has made it what it is. On this field Mr. Goldwin Smith is both a good guide and excellent company. He may speak of certain results of democracy as "the joltings in the car of human progress on its road to the glorious era of perfect order and civilization combined with perfect equality which the generation after next will see." We have our own opinion where that car is going and how far it is likely that perfect civilization will be its goal. Yet we can take his word for the joltings. It is to be hoped that the democracy to which Mr. Goldwin Smith is friend, and which at present hates and resents every kind of superiority and independence of character, will learn to agree with Lord Bacon on the value of "*Faithful Counsel from a Friend*," for he does not let his friend democracy flatter himself—and there is no such flatterer of himself as this same democracy—in peace. "In British Canada, as in the United States, we see that the world gets on without the squire or any part of the manorial system." So says Mr. Goldwin Smith, and he is pleased to see it; but then—for the gods have given him the fatal gift of insight—he goes on to remark and note certain features of the world when freed from the squire. Thus we learn that in the absence of the squire, and though he has been replaced by the school marm, "no one can be surprised at hearing that in a new and crude democracy there is a want of respect for authority and of courage in exercising it, which makes itself felt throughout the social frame, and on which the young rowdy soon learns to presume. No wonder juvenile crime is on the increase." Loss of manners and increase of juvenile crime must be acknowledged to be ugly joltings for the car which is carrying Canadian democracy to the goal of perfect order and civilization. On its way to perfect equality, too, this democracy shows an unworthy taste for "high-sounding titles of office and resplendent regalia;" and not only that, but it is "a lass which loves a soldier." "The reception of the Canadian volunteers when they returned from Fish Creek, Cut Knife, and Batoche eclipsed the reception of the British army when it returned from the Alma and Inkerman." This is not the worst thing we have heard of democracy. When Mr. Goldwin Smith goes beyond the taste and manners of his friend to his morality in the great relations he is not less candid. The beatified soul of Joseph de Maistre would be rejoiced to read this from a believer in democracy. "The mass of the people in whose hands power has now passed naturally think less of great questions, political or economical, than of their own local and personal interests; of these they deem a local man the best champion, and they feel that they can correspond more freely about them with him than with a stranger." Men, says Mr. Goldwin Smith elsewhere, do not forget the parish steeple. Again, how would Maistre rejoice in this: "It is true that through the extension of the suffrage the world has passed from the hands of Turgot, Pitt, Peel, and Cavour, into those of a multitude, ignorant of economical questions, swayed by blind cupidity, the easy dupe of protectionist sophistry; and that fallacies which it was hoped had been for ever banished have thus regained their power." Wherever Mr. Goldwin Smith looks, not at the democracy which is to be in the coming era of perfect civilization and equality, but on that which is, what he sees is devotion to the parish steeple, the preference for little men, the hatred of intellectual superiority, because it is not an equality in commonplace and greed, the subordination of national interests to the thirst for "better terms"—in other words, for grants from the national treasury. To obtain these is the one ruling desire of all constituencies; for their success in obtaining that are representatives elected, by playing on the longing for that do self-seeking politicians keep office. Their office they use to forward the private interests of manufacturers, from whose pockets came the funds which pay for "the campaign." All this does Mr. Goldwin Smith see, because he is a man who cannot but look at facts, and, though he believes in democracy, reports them because he is an honest man. If democracy loves him, about which we have our

* *Canada and the Canadian Question*. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L. With Map. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.; Toronto: Hunter, Rose, & Co. 1891.

Canadian Studies in Comparative Politics. By J. G. Bourinot. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

doubts, then indeed it must love the honest freedom of a friend with a love passing that of woman. He does, indeed, attribute these evils to the essentially false position which he holds has been made for Canada by her refusal to follow her manifest destiny. But, unfortunately, when he looks in the direction of that natural destiny he also sees the same devotion to the parish steeple or pump, the same choice of little men to rule, the same impotence of the democracy as against the small cliques of self-seeking protectionists by whom it is led by the nose as easily as asses are. Can anything be more damning than this confession of a democrat? "In these democracies, where everybody from his cradle is thinking of votes, and to be in a minority is perdition, political courage, whether in action or speech, is not a common virtue." The possible answer, that political courage has never been a common virtue, will not save the democrat; for we have been told that democracy was to raise us, and not at the best to leave us where we were.

Much might be said, if space allowed, of the historical part of Mr. Goldwin Smith's book. There is, for instance, an admirable passage describing the first settlement of Ontario by the gallant, soldierly, and not at all democratic Colonel Simcoe. There is an excellent ironical passage about that typical Whig, Lord Durham, and much which is greatly to the point about the feeble halting between two ways which has been the bane of England's colonial policy. But the best, the most instructive, part of this portion of Mr. Goldwin Smith's book is that which deals with French Canada. The sum and substance of it is that the democracy of this district has used its freedom to set up the power of the Church, which, being unchecked, has revived its extreme medieval claims. In other words, democracy has done what the benighted monarchies of the Old World were accused of doing, and he it observed there is in French Canada no king, no nobility, no body of free burghesses to counterbalance the Church. Mr. Goldwin Smith sees no chance of the destruction of this intellectual tyranny, except in the disintegrating influence of that surrounding democracy which is not Roman Catholic. If this wins, of course it will bring with it the loss of respect for authority and the increase of juvenile crime which Mr. Goldwin Smith notes in other parts of Canada. The deduction is ours, but we believe it to be fair. It is a dismal alternative, and there is a profundity of thoughtful pessimism in Mr. Goldwin Smith, sure as he feels of the future of democracy.

Mr. Bourinot's *Canadian Studies*, with which we have but scant space to deal, is frankly an incomparably less interesting book. We do not mean that it is not a good one of its kind, but that is not a kind which, in spite of much and respectable authority to the contrary, will ever be refreshing to many mortals. Comparative politics, when they consist in comparisons of the mere form and machinery of one state with those of another, are apt to assume a deadly resemblance to tables of weights and measures. Aristotle may make the comparison the vehicle of immortal thought and literature, but when a man is not Aristotle, the piling up of parallel cases will not serve him. Now we do not mean to speak with any disrespect of Mr. Bourinot when we say that he is not Aristotle. So very few men are. Still he is not one of the few. His book consists of three papers. The first is on "The English Character of Canadian Institutions," and is loyally founded on Bishop Stubbs and Dr. Freeman. It is an awkward fact that the late Mr. Green is to be found quoted as of equal authority with these writers. The second is a "Comparison between the Political Systems of Canada and the United States." The third is on "Federal Government in Switzerland compared with that in Canada." These latter two consist of what we have called parallel cases and tables of weights and measures. The reflections interspersed do not strike us as showing much force of thought. We take an instance at random. Under the head of "The Permanent Tenure of the Civil Service" we find it written:—

In every country where the people govern through their representatives in Parliament, and where political conflict is necessarily carried to extremes in all important crises involving the fate of governments, it is absolutely necessary that there should be in existence an efficient and permanent organization to conduct the details of public administration, whatever may be the fluctuations of party controversy.

Yet there is, as Mr. Bourinot goes on to say, no such organization in the United States, where the people govern and party conflicts are extreme. So the absolute necessity is not necessary. This is what Mr. Carlyle called the jingling of formulas.

NOVELS.*

IT is not often that a story in two volumes consists so emphatically of two parts—one in the first volume, and the other in the second—as is the case with *He Fell among Thieves*. There is also so much difference in merit between the two as to suggest

* *He Fell among Thieves*. By D. Christie Murray and Henry Herman. London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

Friend Perditus. A Novel. By Mary H. Tennyson. 2 vols. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

Timothy Twill's Secret. By Fred J. Proctor, Author of "Justine Gerard" &c. London: Tarstow, Denver, & Co. 1891.

The Anglo-Maniacs. London: Cassell & Co.

The Elixir; and other Tales. By Georg Ebers, Author of "Margery" &c. Translated from the German by Mrs. Edward Hamilton Bell. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co. 1891.

Lady Delmar. A Novel. By Thomas Terrell and T. L. White. London: Trischler & Co. 1891.

a probably inaccurate conjecture that one of the joint-authors wrote one volume and the other the other. The difference, however, is not so much a difference of style as a difference of interest in the story. Both volumes are brightly and easily written; but the first is dull, and the second rather amusing. Harry Wynne, who fell among thieves, behaved in the most provokingly commonplace and imbecile manner. He brought the innocence of the nursery to the management of the affairs of mature life, and got into hopeless scrapes accordingly. Ultimately he put the obvious crown on his course of fatuity by running away; and very soon after that the curtain falls upon act i., and there is an interval of seven years before the beginning of act ii., which opens with the third chapter of the second volume. From this point the story is moderately original and decidedly entertaining. In order to escape the consequences of his youthful imbecility, Wynne has adopted the name of one Ronald Morton—a course which accidental circumstances rendered unusually easy. In that capacity he has become a sort of Mr. H. M. Stanley blended with the Count of Monte-Cristo, but finds by degrees that the Morton whose name he has made illustrious had had private dealings with a select but extremely undesirable circle of persons still flourishing in England. They are, in fact, the very thieves to whom Harry Wynne owed his expatriation and supposed decease. They are not very well-conceived characters from the point of view of the probable, but they are amusing enough to make up for that. Gilead Gilfoil in particular, the arch-villain of the band, who has lost the use of his legs, and lives in a "go-cart," is almost farcically transpontine; but still the story is smartly told and interesting. It is rather surprising that Wynne's relations, and still more that his lady-love (who was even more faithful than Penelope, because she was not married to him), failed to recognize him in the great Asiatic traveller going by the name of Morton. He had grown a beard, it is true, but he had only been away seven years, and a beard does not change a man's voice beyond recognition by any one that knew him well. It is, perhaps, still more odd that the villains accepted him as their former accomplice; but if they had not there would have been no story worth reading. It is singular that a novelist of such experience as Mr. Christie Murray should always describe a lady who was the daughter of an earl and the widow of a bishop as "Lady McCorquodale"; and one would very much like to know more of the nature and effects of the anhydrous acid which Gilfoil squirted, with such alarming results, out of a syringe disguised as a pencil-case.

Friend Perditus is also a novel about a gentleman who returned to civilized life with a name not originally his own; but the not very tremendous scrapes into which his assumption of it brought him were due to his ignorance, not of some one else's earlier career, but of his own. For he was picked out of the sea suffering from concussion of the brain, and when he became conscious had entirely forgotten everything he had ever known—how to see, speak, eat, and walk included. It is to Miss Tennyson's credit that she implicitly rejects a popular superstition that grown-up people cannot learn new subjects so quickly or so easily as children, and declares her hero's second education in the elementary matters enumerated above to have been far more rapidly effective than that of the most precocious infant. This is the more fortunate because to take the other view would have made her story drag terribly. Whether such cases of absolute loss of memory ever really occur is a question that matters very little to the novel-reader; but it is certain that if Mr. Perditus and his friend Dr. Hall had really wanted to find out the past history of the former, they could have done so—at any rate to the point of discovering who he was, and why he was there—long before the time when the fame of Perditus's story, and the fact that he had made a large fortune by Stock Exchange speculation, attracted to him persons who had known him in his previous career. They knew that he must have been on board of some one of three or four ships that were lost in the same storm, and in the same neighbourhood; and they knew that he had a collection of diamonds worth 40,000*l.* sewn up in a belt round his waist. Diamonds are things that can be traced, especially when they are collected in that sort of fashion. However, it seemed to Perditus and his doctor simpler to sell the diamonds quietly and carry the proceeds to Capel Court, and it cannot be denied that that course of action turned out well for both of them. The great "situation" of the story is where Perditus, a man born again at about twenty-five, and full of virtuous dispositions, is persuaded on sufficiently plausible grounds that in the forgotten part of his life he had committed a treacherous robbery and broken several worthy hearts, and is, in short, "all unfit to share the pleasures of" matrimony with the young lady of his affections, who is also, by a strange coincidence, one of the surviving victims of his forgotten felony. This raises a pretty problem of casuistry, but not a new one. What is moral responsibility, assuming that there is such a thing? Can there be identity independently of memory? And so on. *Friend Perditus* (this is the name the hero adopts for want of knowledge of his own) was not a casuist, and had, apparently, little or no taste for ethical and metaphysical speculation; therefore, he does not discuss these questions, nor does the author of his being; but any one who cares for that sort of thing might find his story a convenient text for disquisition. It is nicely told, and will serve to pass a couple of hours decidedly better than the average novel.

The secret which was, wholly or partly, in the possession of

Mr. Timothy Twill was so extensive, complicated, and irrelevant to most things, that we really have not been able to make out what it was. Therefore, it is impossible to say whether, if we knew it, it would be our duty to communicate it to possible readers of Mr. Proctor's story. As it is, the only thing to be done is to attempt to give some general notion of the style and contents of the romance. Chapter II. begins with two horsemen. They might, no doubt, have been observed, but Mr. Proctor varies the traditional method of saying so. "Had we been sitting before a cheerful fire on that bitter night, with the features of the foremost horseman reflected in a mirror, we should have beheld" the reflection of the foremost horseman's features, and might have discerned among other things that his forehead was "indicative of colour, order, and size." The second horseman had a voice "like the growl of a bear wishing to apprise the apathetic listener of some diabolical attack." They rode beneath a steep bank, and it immediately came down in an avalanche, and the horseman with a forehead was mortally injured. The one who growled like a charitable bear procured assistance, and his fellow was carried home to die. He called for his son, and said to him, "Bear up, Arthur, and when I'm gone remember to cultivate a kindly disposition towards every one." He added that he was "ready to step into the ferry-boat which will safely carry me across the stream. It will be manned, I trust, with angels of light. Some will effect the passage of my spirit from this corroding frame; others will welcome me on the opposite shore." His frame then corroded. The residue of the story purports to be written partly by Arthur and partly by the author. Timothy Twill was the name assumed by a gentleman of independent means, who elected to spend most of his life in the capacity of village idiot, because his sister had run away with an unprincipled baronet who left her to die of hunger in the streets long before the beginning of the story. She left a daughter named Rose, whom Twill (but his real name was Knucklestone) adopted and brought up. She loved Richard, a young squire, and he her, and all might have gone well, but Knucklestone-Twill objected, and Richard married somebody else, and Rose died of consumption. Knucklestone-Twill went with a brother of his—who turned up from nowhere in particular, and was usually spoken of by his friends as "the bachelor"—to look at her grave, and they found some flowers upon it. "One night, you remember," said Knucklestone-Twill to Knucklestone, "we discovered a pot of mignonette buried in newly-gathered moss, and on another occasion a variegated geranium in full bloom stood there at the head." When Knucklestone-Twill travelled he "most always" (this is a locution to which Mr. Proctor is exceedingly addicted) walked, and when doing so was in the habit of "casting his eyes aside to pass remarks upon the scanty vegetation around." He could also play the fiddle. The wicked baronet who was Rose's putative father had had a sister, concerning whom Richard informed Rose that, "when she was alive she always reminded one of a cat on hot bricks; and this was caused by an over-abundance of wealth." Knucklestone-Twill had a mysterious document of which a facsimile is given. It had thumb-marks upon it, and we cannot make out what it had to do with the story, but we think it was somehow connected with a child's caul, or alleged caul. But that was never found. There had been a man named Trowler, who had been found drowned in a "ducking-pond," and the coroner's jury brought it in death by misadventure, but Knucklestone-Twill doubted whether they were right. One day Richard and his brother took a comic aunt for a row on a tidal lake, and the boat leaked and foundered. They scrambled out, some of them very wet. "'Look! here's Bill Trowler's missing boot!' cried Vernon, fishing it out with his scull." Ultimately it was considered that Bill Trowler had been murdered, for having been an attendant in a lunatic asylum, where they kept the mad wife of a villanous nephew of the wicked baronet. She was a troublesome person, and frequently broke out, and scoured the country on a horse. Once she horsewhipped Mr. Knucklestone ("the bachelor") for locking his garden gate. When all these things were made clear it was obvious that the baronet's nephew could not marry the heroine, so he went to Turkey, and became "a favourite with the Sultan." It will be seen that Mr. Knucklestone-Twill's secret was a great deal for one man to carry. It is described at gigantic length, and in "deedily" (another word of Mr. Proctor's odd English).

Why is an American lady who has inherited a fortune after some years of undistinguished marriage like an omnibus? The question is prompted by the fact that such a lady and such a vehicle are dowered by the anonymous author of *The Anglo-Maniacs* with the epithet "trig." The lady was also "alert, stylish, conscious of a becoming hat, and sustained by stays that took ten years from her age." Of the omnibus we know nothing, except that it was trig, and that Jencks and others "took possession of" it, presumably as passengers, "knee to knee." Jencks was a man of science, from Oxford College, and rather a lout. He had never loved before, but he loved Miss Floyd-Curtis, whose mother was trig. She loved him back, and but for an intercepted communication they might have been united. As it was, Miss Floyd-Curtis married a worthy but dull British Earl. Altogether, *The Anglo-Maniacs* seems to have had very little reason for coming into existence, if it were not as a respectful and rather close copy of a short story written some years ago by Mr. Henry James, and entitled *An International Episode*. The Americans in the book may seem to Americans to

be Anglo-maniacs, but to the British critic they seem uncommonly like other Americans. So, for that matter, does the Dowager-Countess of Melrose, mother of the aforesaid Earl. This lady wrote a letter from America to her son at home, advising him to come out and consider the advisability of marrying the wealthy Miss Floyd-Curtis, and it seems to be designed to show how thoroughly English she was. It concludes thus:—"I am very much disappointed, on the whole, at the want of local color. But it is cheaper living than I thought. They invite you all the time." Which is quite English, you know.

Mrs. Bell has translated from German into American three stories by Dr. Ebers, *The Elixir*, *The Greylock*, and *The Nuts*. The translation makes a good deal of use of a hideous and pleonastic word "onto." It is not for us to say it is not American, but if it is so much the worse for American. The first two stories are supernatural, the second more and the first less, and the third religious and allegorical. The first is dull and the second pretty, and rather interesting. *The Nuts* is blasphemous, without being pathetic. It describes how a question arose as to whether a certain woman was to be released from hell. She had never done anything good except make a present of a few nuts to a beggar child, because its face reminded her of somebody. This was held not to be enough, but on inquiry it turned out that one of the nuts was planted, and became a tree, and was of use in various ways. Among other things its leaves were sometimes mixed with tobacco leaves, apparently for the purpose of fraudulent adulteration. So the sinful lady was let out of hell. It does not seem to be a moral story, and in any case it is not to be commended, partly because the comic introduction into story-books of Jesus Christ and St. Peter is in bad taste, and partly because it is offensive to make an angel talk about the "side-walk."

Lady Delmar is a tremendous novel, very long, and all about Social Democrats. If it were intended as a satire upon those absurd persons, it might pass, though it would not be worth reading, but it is obviously written in good faith. Alman Strange discovered two thieves persecuting an orphan girl. He remonstrated, and they offered to sell her. He was surprised at the offer, but closed with it, and paid up. Then it struck him that "this was blood-money," at which idea "the spirit of the true-born Radical that he was, was roused, and"—what does the reader think?—"he bit his lip." It is much to the credit of such true-born Radicals as Messrs. Terrell and White appear to be that they should have so accurate an idea of the terrible nature of a Radical's "spirit" when it is roused. Alman Strange carried off his purchase and adopted her, and they lived with an old Nihilist who could manufacture real rubies, sapphires, diamonds, &c., at a nominal price, and an old Frenchwoman of Republican tastes who acted chaperon to the whole party. One Lord Delmar, a Liberal candidate, came canvassing in those parts, and saw and loved Jess, the Socialist's ward. So she went off with him, and he married her by mistake, from an imperfect acquaintance with the marriage laws of Scotland—at least so say the authors, though we should by no means recommend any one to rely upon their opinion—and the Nihilist shot him, and afterwards died, upon receipt of news that some of his fellow-conspirators had revealed to the Government of Russia a very fine and large plot which he had proposed to carry out upon the proceeds of his jewel-manufactory, and which he had been simple enough to suppose that the Government knew nothing about. So Alman Strange inherited his savings, which amounted to two million pounds (and we hope he paid 200,000*l.* Probate or Succession-duty), and "applied himself to the regeneration of humanity on a colossal scale." But he seems, very sensibly, to have left off preaching "Social Democracy," "nationalization of the land," and such-like dreams of the impecunious. As for the widow Delmar, she turned out to be not only the genuine widow, but also the long-lost first cousin of her murdered husband, and entitled on both accounts to all the wealth of his family. So she made a very suitable wife for the ex-Socialist, who doubtless obtained a resuscitation of the earldom for his son if any. *Lady Delmar* is written in a pompous and tiresome style, and is a very dull and a very long story.

THREE AFRICAN BOOKS.*

THE two volumes of the English translation of Major Casati's account of his ten years' sojourn on the Upper Nile are very large, very heavy to hold, very plentifully, though rather smudgily, illustrated, both in colours and in black-and-white, very well stocked with scientific tables and maps, and very necessary to be studied by whosoever will know all that is to be known about the immediate past and the probable future of regions which either are, or at some near time ought to be, English soil. When we have said this, and have added that their author appears to be a sensible soldier, an enthusiastic man of science, an extremely kind-hearted person, and almost, if not entirely, destitute of the egotism and self-display which are the besetting sins of modern men in general, and perhaps of modern

* *Ten Years in Equatoria*. By Major Casati. 2 vols. London: Warne & Co. 1891.

The Other Side of the Emin Expedition. By H. R. Fox-Bourne. London: Chatto & Windus. 1891.

Adventures in Nyasa-Land. By Monteith Fotheringham. London: Sampson Low. 1891.

men of science and travellers in particular, we have, we think, been handsome in eulogy, and we have not said a word which is not well deserved. At the same time, we must say that what may be called the engineering of the book is very bad. It might with no great difficulty and very great advantage have been compressed into a third of the size, especially if in the process the personal adventures (which, except when the Major was in Unyoro and during the revolt, were of no great importance), the political history which gives the book its chief present interest, and the scientific details had been kept as much apart from each other and together in themselves as possible. As it is, they are all muddled up, and we have even long blocks and summaries of history dealing with subjects—such as the Hicks expedition, the fall of Khartoum, and the like—of which the author knew nothing personally, and as to which, consequently, his testimony is not evidence, though as the utterance of a skilled soldier it is not uninteresting.

With regard to the mutiny in Equatoria and the "relief," Major Casati has some new things to tell us, or rather he has a new and by no means unimportant light to throw on the old things. There is a not inconsiderable dispute between him and Mr. Jephson both as to the causes and as to the conduct of the final mutiny. Mr. Jephson, on the whole, represents it as due to Emin's fatal lenity; Major Casati, while not denying that things began in this way, holds that at the time they had gone too far to be cured by harsh measures without independent strength to enforce them, and that Mr. Jephson himself was somewhat to blame in egging Emin on to deal severely with the mutineers. Further, he seems to think Mr. Jephson mistaken in representing himself as a prisoner. The rebels, according to him, did subject Emin and some others to that indignity, but not the English representative. If, however, the Major finds fault with Emin here and admits the general charges of vacillation as opposed to this particular charge (by no means, as a moment's thought will show, inconsistent with them) of haste and harshness, he entirely supports the view of the actual relief which was gathered by independent critics from Mr. Stanley's and Mr. Jephson's own books. He shows that on at least the arrival of the expedition at Lake Albert it was much more in a state to be relieved than to relieve, in one which could not but awaken misgivings in the minds of the Egyptian garrison of Equatoria. He establishes beyond doubt, we think, what was before rather inferred than known—that Mr. Stanley indulged his usual and more than usual brusquerie and want of consideration towards Emin, a person actually of higher rank than himself, and in no way subject to his orders. And, lastly, though we can quite sympathize here with Mr. Stanley, he gives the other side of that story of dilatoriness and impediments on the part of the relieved which Mr. Stanley has told with graphic skill. It is a great bore, no doubt, to have to wait while a mixed multitude is collected, and a still greater to have to carry their beds and basins, and so forth. But, after all, the Relief Expedition was either a relief expedition or not. If it was not, it is not clear what business its leader had to put pressure on Emin or Emin's followers at all. If it was, it had to bear the penalties of relieving. The old argument of St. Peter to Ananias comes in with terrible force. It was within the power of the Expedition not to "expede"; but it had no business to relieve and grumble too; and, though we could pretty well understand before, we can still better understand now the events of Bagamoyo, and the very scant gratitude of Emin to the somewhat Pumblechookian "rescuer" who dragged him away against his will and rated him during the dragging.

In the second book on our list the case against that rescuer has been put by Mr. Fox-Bourne with great care and very considerable power. Mr. Fox-Bourne writes, we believe, as the mouthpiece or pen-hand of the Aborigines' Protection Society—an institution for which we have not much love, which has talked and written a vast amount of nonsense, and which has done not a little positive mischief. Further, our point of view in regard to this expedition is not the Society's or Mr. Fox-Bourne's. Whether the end does or does not justify the means beforehand in politics, it is undeniable by any sane political student that the accomplishment of the end acts, to a certain extent, as a palliation of mistakes or misconduct in regard to the means. And to us, at any rate, the establishment beyond cavil of by far the larger part of equatorial East Africa as a British "sphere," an establishment which was at least in part due to Mr. Stanley's expedition, entitles the doers, whatever their mistakes, to something like a pardon for any mistakes which might even colourably be represented as conducing to the result. People may shriek at this as immoral or not, as they like; but we do not care. In another point made by Mr. Fox-Bourne and others—that the relief, whether intentionally or not, was little more than a blind for other designs, commercial, political, or what not—we are a little more with him, but still not wholly. After all, in whatever fashion Emin was brought away, he had the choice of coming or staying with the ammunition, &c., brought him. Even Mr. Fox-Bourne admits that the alternative proposals, odd as they were in a way, of transferring himself, and more or less of his province, to the Congo State, and of establishing himself as a *condottiere* of the East Africa Company in Uganda, were not wholly inconsistent with the general plan. Further (as we always go out of the way to be rigidly just, but a little generous, too, to Mr. Stanley), we may observe that it seems slightly ungenerous, and decidedly unjust, to reproach him, as Mr. Fox-Bourne frequently does, with failure to carry out his announced plan. That you can

only deserve, not command, success is a proposition which has been for some time familiar to the copy-books; and to demand of a Central African traveller with a huge caravan to force through half unknown and wholly savage countries the punctuality of a bagman with a Gladstone bag and a case of samples, who arranges to be at Bristol to-morrow, Exeter next day, and South Wales within the week, appears to us pure and sheer unreason.

But Mr. Stanley might be acquitted, on the whole, of this part of the indictment, and yet have a terrible account to answer still; and it is this account which Mr. Fox-Bourne has demanded of him. Few people have, we think, acquainted themselves with the facts from the beginning more patiently and more thoroughly than we have, and we must say that we can, in this part of the matter, discover hardly a flaw in the prosecutor's statements. It is the fact that the selection of the Congo route was the original cause of all the evils—the fact that the agreement with Tippoo Tib was *pessimi exempli*, and of a result almost worse than the example and easily to be foreseen. It is the fact that the establishment of the Yambuya camp with enormous impediments, scanty resources, and no prospect but the altogether doubtful return of Mr. Stanley himself, and the almost as doubtful adherence of Tippoo to his engagements, positively invited disaster; and that the plunge through the forest, though a very pretty bit of exploration, was the worst of all possible ways of carrying a heavily-laden caravan to a given destination. No impartial authority, we believe, has ever read the too famous instructions to Major Barttelot without seeing that they almost insured collapse, while cleverly leaving loop-holes for the commander-in-chief of the expedition to say "I did not do it." No such authority has ever denied that from first to last the entire expedition, when under Mr. Stanley's immediate orders, was carried on with the completest indifference to the lives and rights of the natives, and by the same system of alternate provocation and punishment which earned Mr. Stanley an evil name on the Victoria Nyanza years ago.

Mr. Fox-Bourne deals less, but deals ruthlessly, and on the whole justly, with yet a third class of mistakes which may be said to be even more purely personal to Mr. Stanley. He submits in damning quotation the evidence which exists of Mr. Stanley's insufferable fashion of treating his officers even in the very beginning of the expedition; he points out in passing the stingy and selfish allotment of comforts, and not only comforts, to the Rearguard. He shows, as we and others have shown before, that the charge of failure to carry out Mr. Stanley's instructions, is not only ungenerous but glaringly and impudently false. He dwells, in passing, on the charges made against Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, and shows (from a protector of the "aborigin") unexpected good sense in vindicating them from the cruel gossip which was so greedily caught up by their commander. And he dwells at even greater length, as his special purpose called for, on the hectoring and bullying fashion in which Mr. Stanley treated the Pasha when he had got to him, and on the enormous loss with which the actual transport was carried out (barely half of the refugees were actually carried down to Zanzibar). We know, indeed, from Major Casati that Mr. Stanley, for once combining policy and propriety of conduct, always left it to Emin to determine whether any of his people were to be left "in a safe place"—less euphemistically, abandoned. But Emin of course found himself powerless to object, and indeed seems to have been, during the latter part of the journey at any rate, in a permanent state of sulks.

We have little doubt that Mr. Stanley, who is so much wiser than the children of light, will make no regular answer to this heavy and well-directed onslaught. It is improbable that he can get at any tittle-tattle about Mr. Fox-Bourne having eaten a girl or struck a woman. But we can recommend the book to all who may ever be in danger of seeing in Mr. Stanley anything more than an able, determined, and exceedingly unscrupulous person who, not altogether of his own will, was the instrument of doing a good stroke of work for England, but who did it in such a manner as to leave an almost indelible stain on the work.

By far the pleasantest book of the three for an Englishman to read is the third. It tells the story of the adventurous resistance to the Arab and "Ruga-Ruga" slave raiders on the shores of Lake Nyassa which, begun by the author and the late Mr. Bain, and carried on with the assistance of Captain Lugard, seemed at one time to threaten the continuance of the African Lake Company's authority, but turned out a very important argument for securing the country to England in the negotiations with Germany. Mr. Fotheringham tells a plain tale, and neither exaggerates his deeds nor talks about and about them. The warfare in which he was engaged was, as Captain Dugald Dalgetty graciously remarked of his friend Ronald McEagh's exploit at Ardvoirlich, a "pretty irregular Scythian fashion of warfare," and the extreme purist may find fault with him for ever engaging in it. The Arabs, indeed, do not seem to have originally wished to meddle with the white men at all; and it was chiefly in behalf of the natives that they had to be fought with. When they were, the stronghold of Karonga was held against them, evacuated, and recovered, in a delightful mediæval fashion, and they themselves were taught a severe lesson. But their conduct to the natives was abominable, and Mr. Fotheringham, in resisting it, was doing just what Mr. Deane did less successfully at Stanley Falls, to the great wrath of the eponymous hero of those cataracts. We like Mr. Fotheringham's notion of doing things marvellously well. For instance, before the actual war broke out, he was once, when

travelling with some following, molested by a sort of Arab free-lance, who, when the travellers had camped outside a deserted village, occupied the village itself before night. Civilly requested to take his respected presence off, he refused insolently. Mr. Fotheringham expended no cartridge and washed no spear; but very quietly sent men to fire all the gates of the village at once, whereat the brigands naturally "scooted." Again, in a peaceful conference with the Arabs, where everybody was supposed to come unarmed, one orator, displacing his sash in the heat of argument, showed the butt of a revolver. Mr. Fotheringham took no notice, made no protest nor any fuss; but with some polite pretext for entering his own tent, promptly stowed his own six-shooter in a convenient pocket, returned, and vanquished the Arab oratorically. This is the kind, "clear and cool," like Mr. Kingsley's river, that does it.

THE CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH OF DICKENS.*

ON Mr. Dickens's lamented death, when the various literary truffle-hunters, grub or larvæ gatherers, and various reminiscents were sniffing at the roots of the trees, a cynic somewhat coarsely remarked that "there was meat on him still!" After some twenty years we find the "literary" knackers still at their work. The taste for these "odds and ends," and snippets even, relating to men of the stamp of Carlyle, Thackeray, and Dickens is increasing, has increased, but might profitably be diminished. Its latest development is what is oddly styled "topographical biography"; one ingenious person has hit on the idea of collecting portraits of celebrities at different periods of their lives—such as the smiling infant, the blooming young man, set beside the decrepit veteran, *sans* teeth, &c.—a disagreeable, and even painful, reminder for the subject. We may look forward to "The Garments of Great Men," "Literary Men's Pipes," and such miscellanies; as it is, we are led along tenderly "In the Footsteps of So-and-so," or "Through Kent with Jones," or, it may be, to "The Haunts and Homes of Dixon." It was in this spirit that Jubbs, the "tuneful Jubbs," of Little Pedlington, traced the career of his fellow townsman, Rummis, F.S.A.

Mr. Langton, the author of the well-meant collection before us, has entered on his task with an amiable, painstaking enthusiasm that wins respect, albeit his style and veneration for discovered trifles might be that of some descriptive writer on Mr. Potts's journal at Eatonswill. One must surely admire an ardour that can prompt "an exhaustive search in the rate-books." There is, also, a feeling reference to the vanished hand of the artist of his book, one "Mr. Hull, of Manchester and Rydal." "I must come here again next summer," after his visit to Gad's Hill, "he quietly remarked; but it was not to be for him. Before next summer came round, he was laid at rest in the quiet churchyard of Grassmere." Our author has also introduced a novelty in his method of using the very familiar note of admiration, which he distributes profusely "all over the place," as it were, without regard to significance. The most neutral statement is thus made to excite astonishment or wonder. An introduction is "in Dickens's best manner!"—astonishment! "It was at one time his playing-field, too!"—more surprise. The theatre is now "turned into a Conservative Club!"—but this may be a sly political hit; while one place is described as "little changed within the last fifty or sixty years!" So simple a thing as that "one folio of the opening of the eleventh chapter is missing" is held up as a fresh wonder. The author also plays odd pranks with his italics; as, "So thoroughly to the very last did he throw himself into his characters and identify himself with his characters." This is oddly proved—"this is the more remarkable"—by a letter of Dickens's, in which there was "no blotting, but it went straight on," &c. But we relish this specimen the most. Ordnance Terrace, Chatham, it seems, is described by Dickens as Gordon Place;—"Gordon Place, it may be noted as a curious coincidence, is a short street out of Tavistock Square!" Mr. Langton is, indeed, as greatly impressed by striking or "curious" coincidences as was Mr. Magnus in *Pickwick*; such as there being no less than three persons named Christopher in Dickens's works. There is something bewildering in being thus called upon for amazement at so simple a statement as that a certain cricketer in *Pickwick* was "the friend of Dickens when a boy at Ordnance Terrace, Chatham!" or that Mr. Thomas Weller kept the inn of the "Granby Head!"

Some of the details relating to Dickens's school-days and childhood are interesting. Witness the card preserved by the Tribe family—a truly Dickensian name—"Master and Miss Dickens will be pleased to have the company of Master and Miss Tribe"; though why "date, &c.?" As Serjeant Buzfuz would exclaim, "there is no date whatever, which is in itself suspicious." The author has also discovered verses, fragments of a burlesque, &c. These things fill the *chiffonnier's* basket. Still, this style of collection is in obedience to "the form and pressure of the time," and nowadays seems all but compulsory. Mr. Langton shows clearly Dickens's system of introducing not only the persons that he knew, but often their very names—when they were of a quaint sort—and but slightly altered. This was, no doubt, to kindle his fancy; a name, as the practised novelist knows, often brings inspiration. Mr. Langton is rich in traditions concerning the

Wellers. "Mr. Gibson, who married Mary Weller, purchased Mr. John Dickens's parlour chairs on his leaving Chatham for London." The favourite, ever-popular Weller was, it seems, suggested by a faithful old servant of the family, Mary Weller, "now Mrs. Gibson," who can recall the boy reciting "The Voice of the Sluggard," and also by one Thomas Weller, who kept the "Granby" at Chatham. A very singular—and this time really curious—coincidence is that a member of the family should have married a Miss Weller!! (we may here supply two, at the least, of Mr. Langton's admiring notes). It must be said, however, that Dickens's nearest relations look on the faithful retainer as a rather apocryphal personage, and a well-known artist has assured us that Dickens himself told him that he took the name from a Chatham shopkeeper. Mr. Langton insists that Dr. Slammer was drawn from one of the Lamerts, relations by marriage, adding oddly that the surgeon's "kindly manner" is still recollected. Now "kindliness" was hardly "a note" of the peppery surgeon. Other origins have been named, witness a certain Piper. Indeed, most of the characters in *Pickwick* have been drawn from life. It is quite extraordinary the number of persons now living who appear to have been at school with Dickens, or to remember him as a boy. Yet this was some sixty or seventy years ago (!!!) Mr. Thomas, still happily living, who was with Dickens at the Wellington Home Academy, has such vivid recollections that he can supply an exact plan or diagram of the school, with the benches, and the very places where the masters and the scholars sat. "The boys sat on each side of the desks, which were continuous, but most of them had locked-up portions to themselves."

It is at least pleasant to find that so many traditions of the genial novelist are preserved and cherished in those engaging old towns, Rochester and Chatham, and again, we repeat, we have due sympathy with Mr. Langton in his diligent labours. In various places our author is rather severe on Mr. John Forster—with whom, however, it would be well not to meddle, as he was one of the most scrupulously accurate writers of his time. Mr. Langton imagines, that because the author of *David Copperfield* consigns Mr. Micawber to the King's Bench Prison, Dickens senior was also immured there. He has discovered the curious fact that a Mr. Dorrett of Rochester was also a tenant of the King's Bench, though, with proper caution, he adds that "this is perhaps beyond question, as it is from the *London Gazette*," and he supplies, of course, his favourite "!" But if the Mr. Dorrit of the fiction was in the Marshalsea, why not Dickens senior? Still we must fairly admit that Mr. Langton's book is readable and entertaining; he is an honest, enthusiastic Old Mortality with whom we sympathize, though he lacks somewhat a nice sense of proportion. The Dickens-hunter will enjoy it.

BOOKS ON DIVINITY.

IS it wise, or not wise, to publish popular volumes on inspiration? Mr. Matthew Arnold thought such matters ought to be discussed in a learned language. If they are to be presented to the ears of the many, then what style should be adopted? The wise physician, who wishes to reassure, does not enter into technical details which open up alarming vistas of yet unsuspected possibilities. Dr. Sanday, evidently after serious consideration, as befits his responsible position, has judged it right to publish nine short sermons, with two appendices, under the title of *The Oracles of God* (1). His object is to calm the agitation caused by the acknowledgment of "a considerable change of front among scholars and thoughtful men, in regard primarily to the Old Testament, but we might add also to the New." The sermon on "The Loss and Gain" involved in reading the Bible with, we will not say critical, but intelligent eyes is excellently adapted to the purpose in view. Indeed there is little fault to be found with what Dr. Sanday says about the Old Testament, though he is perhaps a little optimistic in thinking that "there is a point at which criticism of its own accord must come to a standstill." Of literary and linguistic criticism this may be true; but philosophic criticism knows no goal short of a *tabula rasa*, as the next book on our list will show. The question becomes urgent in the case of the New Testament. Readers of Dr. Hatch and Mr. Martineau know what is meant by "Hellenism." It goes to the root of all things, and yet it is only a new form of the old *non possumus* of Socinianism. It is here that Dr. Sanday ceases to console. The work of the great dogmatists was admirable; but they did not understand the Old Testament, and their conclusions "have a value which is primarily historical and relative." They are like "the stations along our old coach-roads, the traffic has been turned into other channels," and no one wants them any longer. Either less or more should have been said.

How little inclined criticism is "to come to a standstill of its own accord" will be demonstrated to Dr. Sanday by the author of *Ecce Homo. Natural Religion* (2) is an attempt to forecast the Church of the Future. There is little difficulty, the author thinks, in shaping the new creed, because we are all

* *The Childhood and Youth of Charles Dickens.* By Robert Langton, F.R.Hist.Soc. London: Hutchinson & Co. 1891.

(1) *The Oracles of God. Nine Lectures on the Nature and Extent of Biblical Inspiration, with two Appendices.* By W. Sanday, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Dean Ireland's Professor of Exegesis, &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(2) *Natural Religion.* By the Author of "Ecce Homo." London: Macmillan & Co. 1891.

of us already to a great extent agreed. We are all religious. Even the artist who finds morality a bore, and is convinced that no one who keeps the Ten Commandments can paint decently; even the scientific investigator who lives a hermit-life in his laboratory, absorbed in intellectual pursuits, and looking upon philanthropy and the rest of it as mere fussiness, are religious, because they admire the All or some fragment of it. There are no Atheists, except those who disbelieve in any regularity in the universe; so that, if a man allows that two and two make four, or that unrestrained conviviality is followed by headache, his churchmanship is beyond suspicion. And Christianity is quite independent of the supernatural, is, indeed, in the main, the worship of ideal humanity. Clearly then Pantheism, the belief in a Being, or a Thing, which or who is revealed only in the Universe, will unite us all. The book is exceedingly ingenious; but the ingenuity is surely wasted. For if people can be quite sufficiently religious without knowing it, and, indeed, while passionately denying that they are anything of the kind, what is the good of troubling our heads about religion at all? The reader will gather incidentally in several passages that the morality of Natural Religion will be something very different, and doubtless very superior, to that of Christianity commonly so called.

Hebrew literature is not the only one as to the antiquity of which there is an extraordinarily wide divergence of opinion. There are those who ascribe the earlier Psalms to the age of David, there are those who think no part of the Psalter to be older than the time of the Maccabees. And, if we go further East, Mr. Sayce maintains that all Sanscrit literature is younger than 600 B.C., about which date the Aryans migrated into India; while Mr. Max Müller holds that the Vedic hymns were collected certainly before, possibly long before, 1000 B.C. "There are hymns," he says, "in the Rig Veda which make me shiver when I am asked to look upon them as representing the thoughts and language of our humanity three thousand years ago. And yet, how to find a loophole through which what we should consider modern hymns might have crept into the collection of older hymns, I cannot tell. I have tried my best to find it, but have not succeeded. Perhaps we shall have to confess that, after all, our ideas of what human beings in India ought to have thought three thousand years ago are evolved from our inner consciousness, and that we ought to learn to digest facts, though they do not agree with our tastes and our preconceived ideas." Such language shows how hazardous must be all attempts to arrange the beads upon a string that runs back to times so ancient that we have no external means of verifying our dates. Through the greater part of Mr. Max Müller's volume we must not attempt to follow him. Most readers know with what delightful skill he breathes life into old-world Indian myths. But in the last chapter of *Physical Religion* (3) the author, repeating what he has often before maintained, asserts his belief that the human mind arrived at the "concept of God in its highest and purest form" from the mere contemplation of the wonders of nature. It would be a happy thing if we could believe this, but the author of *Natural Religion* forbids us to do so. According to him the term God, which we may retain for old association's sake, denotes merely the unity of nature, the idea of a Person or even of a Cause underlying that unity being in the eyes of many religious men an unverified hypothesis. Indeed, Mr. Max Müller's view appears to open the gate to a class of ideas that the scientific man as such is bound to reject. The "concept of God in its highest and purest form," according to the experts, is not to be found in the facts of nature. It is, therefore, either an illusion or a guess, or an intuition. But, if an intuition, it is a revelation, and revelation is miraculous. Indeed, Mr. Max Müller admits this. "There is but one eternal miracle, the Revelation of the Infinite in the Finite." But if one, then why "but one"?

A highly interesting book, *Natural Theology and Modern Thought* (4), will show that in Professor Clifford's view this one miracle opened the gate to the most lamentable aberrations. Du Bois-Reymond tried to close this gate, yet was driven to the conclusion that science leads in the ultimate resort to the choice between a baseless Pyrrhonism and a baseless Supernaturalism. Mr. Kennedy's Donnellan Lectures present the argument for Theism with clearness, and, though not strikingly original, drive home the familiar lending points, especially on the philosophic side of the argument.

The title of the Bishop of Manchester's volume, *Dangers of the Apostolic Age* (5), hardly prepares the reader for the rather bewildering range of the discussions into which he is being entrapped. The "Galatian lapse" leads Bishop Moorhouse on to speak at much length of Socialism, Schopenhauer, Von Hartmann, and J. H. Green, and, finally, of Faith and the Atonement. Those who can keep pace with their versatile conductor will find a good deal that will interest and instruct them about their own age, if not about that of the Apostles.

Mr. T. Mozley (6) has republished in two volumes the letters

which he wrote from Rome as Special Correspondent of the *Times* during the sitting of the Vatican Council. Admirable as these letters are as specimens of ephemeral journalism, they hardly satisfy the reader now that they are no longer served up at the breakfast-table. Mr. Mozley did not care much for what he saw in Rome, and did not think that he could make other people care. And the secrets of the Council were so well guarded that there was very little straw for the daily tale of bricks.

Dr. Plummer's *St. James and St. Jude* (7) is even a better piece of work than his former volume on the Pastoral Epistles. It contains everything that the student can desire by way of introduction to the two Epistles, while for those who read with an eye to the manufacture of sermons, or for their own edification, the doctrinal and moral lessons are developed in a style redolent of books, yet singularly easy and unaffected. Points of interest abound, such as the value of the Apocrypha, the reasonableness of prayer for fine weather, the right use of confession, the relation of St. James's Epistle to the Gospels, and of that of St. Jude to the Second of St. Peter. Dr. Plummer is, perhaps, a little disposed to be hard on Romanism, and, perhaps, also exaggerates the agreement between the teaching of St. James and that of St. Paul. Luther had his "prejudices," yet a diversity which separates great Churches, and strongly distinguishes individuals within the same Church, must be more than a matter of words.

A *History of the American Episcopal Church* (8) can hardly fail to be interesting to readers on this side of the ocean, and Dr. McConnell has handled his attractive subject with considerable ability. The bright concise narrative brings out the salient points with great distinctness, and never suffers the reader's attention to flag. Indeed, the author might have permitted himself larger space and more fulness of detail without fear of wearying his audience. The history begins with the settlement of the colonies, and ends rather abruptly with the conclusion of the War of Secession. We should have liked to hear a little more about the actually existing state of things, especially as Dr. McConnell was bound to offer some justification of a certain impatience which he allows to appear in more places than one. Apparently he sympathizes with the Memorial laid before the Convention of 1853 in favour of Comprehension, or rather of relaxing doctrine and discipline on the off chance of conciliating Dissenters—a most losing game. Dr. McConnell sometimes relapses into the American language, and as he gives no translation we are left to guess what a "shackly pung" is, or what "overslaughed" means. On the other hand, he tells some good stories of militant American parsons which we will not spoil by quotation in these grave columns.

Dr. Rankin's *Creed in Scotland* (9) is a plea for the restoration of the Apostles' Creed in the place it held in the services of the Scotch Kirk from 1560 to 1647. The author is surely right in thinking that much conflict, bitterness, and division would be avoided by dwelling more systematically on cardinal truths, and that this salutary habit of mind would be fostered by the regular use of the Creed. The exposition of the articles is interesting, especially for Scotch readers, and fairly, though not deeply, learned. A special feature of the book is that each article is illustrated by well-chosen Latin hymns, with translations by different hands.

The Abbé Fouard's *Life of Christ (The Christ the Son of God)* (10) had run through five editions before it was translated, and has evidently obtained the stamp of popular approval among members of the writer's communion. To English readers it may be introduced with qualified praise. It is written in good taste; the Gospels are allowed to tell their own tale with sufficient explanation, and are not overlaid with rhetoric. The Abbé is regarded as an accomplished Hebraist, and the book abounds with interesting references to Rabbinic literature. He has studied carefully the Greek text; but criticism, especially historical criticism, is not among his strong points, and he is inclined to do battle for the genuineness of certain relics—the crown of thorns at Paris, the column in St. Praxed's Church to which Our Lord is said to have been bound during the scourging, and divers fragments of the true cross. Nevertheless his exegesis, when he is not carried away by Romanist prepossessions, is instructive. The translation is stiff and unintelligent. English readers will hardly recognize the "Bread of Proposition," and the word "Oundi" is otherwise spelt on this side of the Channel. "Protogospel" is not to be commended, and when M. Fouard refers to the Sibylline Oracles the edition in his mind is that of Alexandre, not of Alexandria.

Canon Paget's *Spirit of Discipline* (11) contains an essay and a sermon on "Accidie," a quaint Chaucerian word denoting a mental ailment very familiar to the still life of the cloister, and not uncommon in the restless stir of the modern world. "Accidie," "acedia," is the spirit of dull melancholy. Those

(7) *St. James and St. Jude*. (Expositor's Bible.) By the Rev. Alfred Plummer, M.A., D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

(8) *History of the American Episcopal Church*. By S. D. McConnell, D.D., Rector of St. Stephen's Church, Philadelphia. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1891.

(9) *The Creed in Scotland*. By James Rankin, D.D., Minister of Muthill. Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood & Sons.

(10) *The Christ the Son of God*. By the Abbé Constant Fouard. Translated from the Fifth Edition by G. F. X. Griffith. Introduction by Cardinal Manning. 2 vols. Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(11) *The Spirit of Discipline*. Sermons preached by Francis Paget, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(3) *Physical Religion*. (Gifford Lectures, 1890.) By F. Max Müller, K.M. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(4) *Natural Theology and Modern Thought*. (Donnellan Lectures, 1888-9.) By J. H. Kennedy, B.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton. 1891.

(5) *Dangers of the Apostolic Age*. By the Right Rev. James Moorhouse, D.D., Bishop of Manchester. Manchester: Thomas Fargie.

(6) *Letters from Rome on the Occasion of the Ecumenical Council, 1869-70*. By the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. 2 vols. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

who suffer from black vapours, as most of us do at times, will find this volume like a rush of fresh air into a sick-room. In *Lessons from the Lives of Three Great Fathers* (12) Canon Bright moralizes the biographies of Athanasius, Chrysostom, and Augustine, and points out many valuable lessons, historical and spiritual, with a sympathetic hand. Lovers of pulpit rhetoric will purchase *The Light of the World; and other Sermons* (13), by Phillips Brooks. Bishop Lightfoot's *Cambridge Sermons* (14) will attract readers of a more thoughtful type. The volume contains a funeral sermon on Dr. Whewell. *The School of Calvary* (15) is the title of a set of Lent addresses on practical subjects by Canon Body. In *The Prayer of Humanity* (16) Mr. H. N. Grimley dwells upon the Lord's Prayer with much delicacy and freshness of sentiment.

The last gleanings of Mr. Aubrey Moore's bright and versatile intellect have been printed under the title of *Essays, Scientific and Philosophical* (17). The volume comprises three short memoirs of the lamented author, by Dr. Talbot, Mr. Romanes, and Mr. Lock; and thirteen reviews, lectures, and sermons on a wide range of subjects, including Darwinism, Aristotle, Confucianism, Christianity and War, and the Pride of Intellect.

Dr. Wright's *Introduction to the Old Testament* (18) deals in compact form with a very large and complicated subject. The author succeeds in giving a clear account of the different views at present current with respect to the Hebrew Scriptures, and affixes to each section of his work a full and careful list of authorities. He has produced a very useful handbook.

The second volume of the late Mr. W. H. Simcox's studies in New Testament Greek (19) deals with the individual peculiarities of the different authors. Like the former volume it is addressed to scholars, and to scholars who can discriminate. By such readers it will be found to abound in acute and valuable observations.

The person who could not make out what *Paradise Lost* was intended to prove would have been still more perplexed with the *Christ that is to be* (20). The book is in form a novel, with an orthodox love story. The scene is laid in A.D. 2160. England has been ruined by Free Trade and Socialism, and London has become something like Rome in the time of Pope Eugenius. Life, however, goes on much as in the nineteenth century. In this new-old world appears one Alpha, who is, in fact, the Redeemer. He preaches, works miracles, and finally disappears when on the point of being murdered on the altar of St. Paul's. The book is grotesque, but those who admire the American style of handling religious topics will perhaps not think it irrelevant. One must admit that it is readable, as one admits that stolen waters are pleasant. The purport of the book may, perhaps, be found in an enigmatic sentence which tells us that "the revelation of Christ Himself, the abolition of death, the free emigration to new worlds, will save this congested planet from ruin"; but this does not strike us as a precious saying. We may excuse the publication rather by supposing that it is meant to show that the actual life of Christ must have seemed nearly as strange to the conventional Jew of Gospel times as the appearance of Alpha in the midst of modern London.

Mr. Badham's *Formation of the Gospels* (21) is an attempt to account for the origin of the Three Gospels on the supposition of two anterior Jewish Gospels and a "Preaching of Peter." It is ingenious, but far too hypothetical. School teachers may find Mr. Glazebrook's *Lessons from the Old Testament* (22) supply a want. It contains a complete history of the Jews from Genesis to Nehemiah, in a series of carefully selected Biblical passages, printed without any notes, except a few verbal explanations. A *Text-book of the Jewish Religion* (23), by M. Friedländer, is intended for use in Jewish schools, but may be interesting to Christian readers who desire to know what modern Judaism is. In *From the Beginning* (24) Mrs. Morton gives the story of Genesis

in the simplest and plainest language. The book is intended for little children, and seems to be very good of its kind. *From Egypt to Canaan* (25) continues the narrative to the passage of the Jordan. Mr. Bond's edition of *St. Luke* (26) is intended for the middle forms in schools. The notes are expressed with such obscure brevity as to be in many cases rather a hindrance than a help. *Common Prayer, with Appropriate Music* (27) contains the whole Prayer-book, furnished with all conceivable musical directions, including chants for the Psalms. It should be very serviceable to country choirs, as it obviates the need for psalters and a quantity of loose music.

Several devotional manuals call for notice. *The Golden Censer* (28), a collection of prayers by saints, divines, and poets; *A Year of Eucharists* (29), meditations for Holy Communion, by the East Grinstead Sisters; *Instructions on Confirmation* (30), by the Rev. W. Keymer; the *Hospice of the Pilgrim* (31), meditations for every day of the month upon the text "Come unto Me," by Dr. MacDuff; *Plain Words on the Holy Catholic Church* (32), by the Rev. Vernon Staley, of Clewer; and *Mary in the Epistles* (33), by the Rev. T. Livius.

We have received also *The Evidence of Christian Experience* (34), by L. F. Stearns; *The Practical Teaching of the Apocalypse* (35), by the Rev. G. V. Garland; *Self Triumphant; or, the Lady of White Towers* (36), a tale in verse, by Senior Thomas; *Free Thought and Christian Faith* (37), edited by the Rev. R. B. Drummond; *The True Grounds of Religious Faith* (38), by Robert Braithwaite; *Judaism and Christianity* (39), by C. H. Toy, Professor in Harvard University; and two volumes of the Rev. J. S. Exell's *Biblical Illustrator* (40) on Genesis.

THE BROOKFIELD STUD.*

ONE of the minor literary features of the times is the development of the illustrated Catalogue. It has been a thing of a gradual growth, which it is not our purpose to trace back to its beginning on the present occasion. We may, however, mention, as familiar instances of it, the illustrated catalogues of the South Kensington Museum, the guinea catalogue to the Hamilton Sale, and its successors in the same style issued by Messrs. Christie & Manson, the elaborate illustrated catalogues of works of art at sales in Paris, and even the catalogues with photographs brought out by the proprietors of certain herds of shorthorn cattle. But no catalogue of horses hitherto published at all approaches that which has lately been brought out by Mr. Burdett-Coutts of his stud at Brookfield, near Highgate. First of all it is a list of the owner's horses at the stud for the benefit of breeders and purchasers of their produce; secondly, it serves as a treatise on the principal breeds of English riding and driving horses; and thirdly, it shows by its illustrations what kind of horses thoroughbreds, hackneys, and Clevelands ought to be.

Mr. Burdett-Coutts's chief object in establishing his large breeding stud seems to have been to give a practical proof of the

(25) *From Egypt to Canaan*. By Mrs. G. E. Morton. London: Nelson & Sons. 1891.

(26) *The Gospel according to St. Luke*. Greek Text and Notes by the Rev. J. Bond, M.A. London: Macmillan & Co.

(27) *Common Prayer, with appropriate Music*. By W. H. Monk, Professor of Vocal Music and Organist at King's College, London. London: William Clowes & Sons, Limited.

(28) *The Golden Censer*. With Notes and Indices. By Mrs. Edward Liddell. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(29) *A Year of Eucharists*. London: Skeffington & Son. 1891.

(30) *Instructions on Confirmation*. By Walter Keymer, M.A., Rector of Hendon, Notts, &c. London: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, & Welsh.

(31) *Hospice of the Pilgrim*. By J. R. MacDuff, D.D. London: Nelson & Sons. 1891.

(32) *Plain Words on the Holy Catholic Church*. By the Rev. Vernon Staley. Preface by the Rev. T. T. Carter, of Clewer. London: Skeffington & Son.

(33) *Mary in the Epistles; or, the Implicit Teaching of the Apostles concerning the Blessed Virgin*. By the Rev. T. Livius, C.S.S.R. London: Burns & Oates, Limited. 1891.

(34) *The Evidence of Christian Experience*. (Ely Lectures for 1890.) By L. F. Stearns, Professor of Christian Theology in Bangor Theological Seminary. London: Nisbet & Co.

(35) *The Practical Teaching of the Apocalypse*. By the Rev. G. V. Garland, Rector of Binstead, Isle of Wight. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(36) *Self Triumphant; or, the Lady of White Towers*. By Senior Thomas. London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, & Co., Limited.

(37) *Free Thought and Christian Faith: Four Lectures on Unitarian Principles*. Edited by the Rev. R. B. Drummond, B.A. Edinburgh: Williams & Norgate.

(38) *The True Grounds of Religious Faith*. By R. Braithwaite, B.A., of Wadham College, Oxford, Barrister-at-Law. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.

(39) *Judaism and Christianity*. By C. H. Toy, Professor in Harvard University. London: Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, & Rivington, Limited.

(40) *The Biblical Illustrator*. By the Rev. J. S. Exell, M.A. Genesis. 2 vols. London: Nisbet & Co.

* *The Brookfield Stud of Old English Breeds of Horses, Hackneys, Cleveland Bays, Yorkshire Coachhorses, Thoroughbreds, Ponies*. By Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P. And Additional Notes by Mr. Vero Shaw. Illustrated. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co., and the Brookfield Stud, Highgate Road. 1891.

(12) *Lessons from the Lives of Three Great Fathers*. By William Bright, D.D., Canon of Christ Church, &c. London: Longmans, Green, & Co.

(13) *The Light of the World; and other Sermons*. By Phillips Brooks, Rector of Trinity Church, Boston. London: R. D. Dickenson. 1891.

(14) *Cambridge Sermons*. By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. London: Macmillan & Co.

(15) *The School of Calvary*. By the Rev. George Body, M.A., D.D., Canon Missioner of Durham. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1891.

(16) *The Prayer of Humanity*. By H. M. Grimley, M.A., Rector of Norton, Suffolk. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.

(17) *Essays, Scientific and Philosophical*. By the late Aubrey L. Moore, M.A., with Memoirs of the Author. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.

(18) *An Introduction to the Old Testament*. By the Rev. C. H. H. Wright, D.D. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(19) *The Writers of the New Testament, their Style and Characteristics*. By the late Rev. W. H. Simcox, M.A. London: Hodder & Stoughton.

(20) *The Christ that is to be*. A Latter Day Romance. London: Chapman & Hall. 1891.

(21) *The Formation of the Gospels*. By F. P. Badham, B.A., Exeter College, Oxford. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited. 1891.

(22) *Lessons from the Old Testament*. Junior Course. By the Rev. M. G. Glazebrook, M.A., Headmaster of Clifton College. London: Percival & Co.

(23) *Text-book of the Jewish Religion*. By M. Friedländer. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, & Co., Limited.

(24) *From the Beginning; or, Stories from Genesis for the Young*. By Mrs. G. E. Morton. London: Nelson & Sons. 1891.

soundness of his theory that carriage-horses should be bred on both sides from hackneys, Clevelands, or Yorkshire coach-horses, rather than by mating thoroughbred horses with heavy mares. Hitherto, farmers have been too much in the habit of breeding carriage-horses on a wrong system. They aim at producing a hunter, and, if the colt does not prove good enough for that purpose, they make a carriage-horse of him. Now Mr. Burdett-Coutts would look for the carriage-horse almost exclusively among coaching breeds. Yet it would be a great mistake to suppose that he is an enemy to the thoroughbred; on the contrary, he says, "I say, and as long as I have breath, I will say it, 'blood on the top, and, if possible, blood all through, for a hunter';" and if further evidence were required to prove his love of the thoroughbred horse, it might be found in his having given 2,200 guineas for the mare Wharfedale, 1,600 guineas for Lady Peregrine, as well as very high prices for other blood mares, and in his possession of Katrine, the dam of Formidable and two colts which fetched 3,000 guineas and 1,000 guineas as yearlings. Besides all this, his thoroughbred stallion Truefit, purchased for 1,000*l.*, is one of the finest hunter-getting sires in England, and, altogether, his breeding stud includes more than twenty thoroughbred horses and mares. So much for his orthodoxy with regard to blood stock.

We now turn to his other breeds. "If," says he, "I can show from fifty to a hundred of the finest harness-horses in the world, not one of them sired by a thoroughbred, but all coming from these breeds, *i.e.*, the hackney, Cleveland, and Yorkshire coach-horse, the case for 'these breeds' is made out—that is, so far as the means of production are concerned." He only takes "the credit that appertains to publicity and the first exemplar. Brookfield set the ball a-rolling," and now "the hackney stallion is becoming better known and more used every day." Hackneys, Cleveland Bays, and coach-horses are, he maintains, not half-breeds but pure breeds, "in so far as a breed is pure when fixed; that is to say, when its types and properties, derived from heredity, have become prepotent, impressive, and transmissible." In support of his theories, he spoke till his "throat was dry," he wrote till his "pen split," and, "what was far more convincing," he "got the horses," "showed them to hundreds of friends, and told their history, and bred from them, and showed the results." That he has been very successful, both as a breeder and as a propagandist, is too well known to need assertion here, although he admits that one or two old hunting friends have accused him of showing "the bitterness of a pervert." It is, however, more in sorrow than in anger, that he complains of "the fetish-worship of the thoroughbred sire" which has "tainted the native stock of the country," and "covered the length and breadth of England with shapeless, actionless, boneless stock, the produce of 'fashionably-bred' two-year-old cast-offs from racing stables."

There can be no doubt that a vast amount of prejudice still exists on the subject; but it is only fair to state that there are breeders who go so far in the opposite direction as to imagine that Mr. Burdett-Coutts himself is not altogether guiltless of sully the purity of what they believe to be the purest breed of horses in England. The staunchest admirers of the Cleveland Bays believe that that breed represents the ancient horse of the country—Mr. Walter Gilbey has written a book to prove the same thing for the Shire Horse; but no matter—and that the so-called thoroughbred is not only a modern creation, which is indisputable, but a mere mongrel in comparison with their exquisitely pure and aboriginal favourite. Now Mr. Burdett-Coutts would mate the Cleveland with the Yorkshire Coach-horse, a breed which "has been formed by taking the former as a substratum, and crossing it with big, harnessy, thoroughbred sires. The Yorkshire Coach-horse Society allows one cross out to blood for two successive crosses of the Coach-horse. The Cleveland Bay Society asserts that it will have none of this, and consequently the Cleveland Bay is often deficient in both elegance and action." Mr. Burdett-Coutts is of opinion that "it is only by a constant intermingling of these two breeds that the right kind of horse for drawing large barouches or State coaches can be produced." For mating, again, with "all sorts of mares," in order to get big carriage-horses, a pure Cleveland "will get stock without action. If a Yorkshire coach-horse without Cleveland blood"—and he hardly believes "there is such in existence"—is used, he will get long legs and no substance." To be abused on one side for endeavouring to keep our old English breeds of carriage-horses pure, and on the other for mixing them, seems a hard fate; but Mr. Burdett-Coutts is as well able to withstand the onslaughts of the fetish-worshippers of the Cleveland Bay as those of the fetish-worshippers of the thoroughbred. He considers that mares of the Yorkshire coach-horse breed, like his own Lily, or Cleveland Bay mares of a similar type, "are, when mated to the right thoroughbred stallions, the best foundation stock for hunter-breeding." Unfortunately, Cleveland Bays have been purchased by foreigners to such an extent that it has been stated that 80 per cent. of the big carriage-horses driven in London have been imported from abroad. One cause of this has been the "inexplicable prejudice in many quarters against using mares for harness purposes. Elsewhere, all over the world, mares are considered as good as geldings," and Mr. Burdett-Coutts has himself refused 1,000 guineas for a pair of brown mares with white feet, 15½ hands high. A gelding, however fine and well-bred, that goes permanently lame at eight or ten, is absolutely valueless, whereas a well-shaped hackney, Cleveland, or Yorkshire mare, with a good registered pedigree, "might, under similar circumstances,

be worth from 100*l.* to 500*l.*" For all that, we think most Englishmen will retain their prejudice in favour of geldings, as carriage-horses, for some time to come.

Some people may hardly know what a hackney ought to be until they look at the picture of Mr. Burdett-Coutts's chestnut mare, Gold Wave. She is 15 hands 3 inches in height, and both her shape and her action are perfect. The portraits of Silver Belle and Lady Alice also leave little, if anything, to be desired. The picture of the beautiful dark-chestnut hackney stallion, Beau Lyons, painted when he was a two-year-old, shows the model of a Victoria, phaeton, or four-in-hand horse. It has been the author's endeavour to raise the height of hackneys to 15 hands 3 inches—not beyond that, or they would be put out of their class. He laments that hackneys are "dwindling every day, until it is a rare thing to find a pure-bred hackney that can raise the standard above 15-2." The author's remedies for this state of things would be to exercise great care and discrimination in the selection of both sire and dam, to avoid excessive in-breeding, and to give the young stock an ample allowance of the best corn. Should these three methods fail, as a last resort he would take in a cross of pure thoroughbred blood, by putting a hackney sire to a thoroughbred mare—not a hackney mare to a thoroughbred sire. The majority of hackneys average from 15 hands to 15-½ in height, "and the extra inch makes all the difference to their capacity and value. A pair of 15-hand horses will always have to be pulling at an ordinary phaeton; the same carriage seems to roll after a pair of 15-2½'s of its own motion, leaving them light in hand, well collected, and with full play for their action." There is considerable rivalry between the breeders of hackneys in Norfolk and in Yorkshire. In the opinion of the author the former horses have the advantage in high knee-action and in the movement of their hocks, while the latter excel in quality, truth of shape, bone below the knee, heart, and endurance. As to the pace of the hackney, the author has a mare 15-1 in height which has trotted 14½ miles along a heavy stony road, with a cartful of portmanteaus and a servant in 56 minutes. For many years Englishmen would not give good prices for hackney mares or stallions, and the result was that they left the country, as foreigners would give from 800*l.* to 1,000*l.* for a first-rate stallion, and very high prices for the best mares. The only consolation is, that foreign dealers took with the good a quantity of rubbish. Sometimes, too, they matched their stock badly when they got it, or else they bought good-looking stock with ill-matched blood in England. A horse called Confidence, the author tells us, "got countless brutes of the first order, who collectively have made up the heaviest curse any breed of horses in our time has had to bear." Most of these happily found foreign purchasers. "This horse has put more money into the pocket of the hackney breeder and done more harm to the hackney breed than any sire in the Stud-book." Yet, so fully does Mr. Burdett-Coutts appreciate what Confidence could do when properly mated, that if the horse were now not more than ten years old he "would readily give 10,000*l.* to buy him and keep him in this country."

Mr. Burdett-Coutts's general treatment of his subject, apart from the descriptions of his own horses, is contained in a preface, a reprint of a speech delivered before the members of the Hackney, Yorkshire Coach-horse, and Cleveland Bay Societies, and a chapter on "old English breeds of horses and the foreign demand." Mr. Vero Shaw contributes a chapter on the Brookfield Stud, as well as descriptions of most of the Hackneys and Clevelands, while the descriptions of the thoroughbreds are chiefly by the writer to the *Field*, who signs himself "G. S. L." The author, himself, criticises the illustrations at some length, and all we need say about them is that they are, upon the whole, very satisfactory, great credit being due to Mr. Samuel Carter and Mr. Adrian Jones. The photographs of Brookfield are good, and we venture to suggest that in the next edition a few photographs of some of the sires and mares would be a most welcome addition. We may observe that in two of the photographs, as well as in the frontispiece, the use of the bearing-rein is somewhat conspicuous. We are not cavilling; we merely remark the fact. It only remains for us to add that, although considerable difference of opinion may exist among breeders and horsemen upon some of the author's theories, this inexpensive catalogue will form an important and an exceedingly valuable addition to the existing literature upon English horses.

TWO BOOKS OF AUSTRALASIAN ROMANCE.*

BUSH-LIFE in Australia and New Zealand is fiction founded upon fact and cast in autobiographical form. It abounds in picturesque descriptions of Australian scenery, and gives lively pictures of the life, the manners, and the social types as they were some forty years ago. Those were days when Australia was literally the Land of Promise, and when the promise was often fulfilled by magnificent performance. There was a lottery in which there were splendid prizes, and the blanks were few for the persevering and industrious. The cities were beginning to rise into importance, town-lots were reselling at a steady advance, and the trades and professions were not unremunerative. The "back country" had not been settled up, and the squatters who formed

* *Bush-Life in Australia and New Zealand*. By Dugald Ferguson. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1891.

Co-ed: *Tales of Australian Life by Australian Ladies*. Edited by Mrs. Patchett Martin. London: Griffith, Farran, & Co. 1891.

the territorial aristocracy found ample room in which to turn, and were not as yet troubled by the "cockatoos," the settlers who go in for selecting small agricultural lots. Already the early rush to the gold-diggings was raising the prices of sheep and cattle. It was likewise raising the rate of the wages which the squatters could well afford to pay. With health and strength, and even with next to no education, any one might have risen from poverty to comparative wealth. Out of the towns, except to pay for his clothes, no man needed to put a hand in his pocket. The shepherds and hut-keepers were liberally rationed; and promiscuous hospitality could scarcely be considered a virtue, for it was invariably recognized as an imperative obligation. The "swagger," when he sought quarters for the night, was sure of a supper, a shake-down, and a breakfast; and Mr. Ferguson declares that it was nothing unusual for a station to house upwards of a dozen of these roving gentry when the sheep-shearing season was approaching. That so serious and steady a drain on the gross profits of the squatter should be generally accepted as an inevitable burden is the strongest proof of the general prosperity. As it is now in America, so it was then in Australia; men were continually coming to grief rather from carelessness than vice or folly, and as often recovering themselves. The hero of this *Bush-Life* twice ruins himself by rashly confiding in the integrity of a plausible partner, and as often he pulls himself together and begins again. As for nineteen out of twenty of the shepherds and bush-hands, they used to ruin themselves annually as a matter of course. After a year passed in solitude and beyond temptations, they took leave and "made tracks" for the nearest township or public-house, where they flung their wages out of the windows, or, in other words, stood drinks promiscuously to all-comers. What became of all the wasted money is a mystery, for we seldom hear of the public-house keepers becoming millionaires. And it is still more strange that, considering many of the reckless prodigals were really steady and thoughtful men, with superabundant opportunities for reflection and repentance, so few should have learned wisdom from sad experience. Mr. Ferguson, drawing on his recollections with unmistakable truthfulness, gives an extremely favourable idea of many of these bushmen. We may take his especial friend Lilly as a type—an eccentric character employed as a foreman on the station of which Mr. Ferguson was manager. Lilly was ready with his hands in every sense, and an exceptionally accomplished jack-of-all-trades. No one in the colony could match him at handling a stock-whip and an interminable team of oxen. He could give the cleverest workman a stone or so of wool at sheep-shearing and a beating. He could do carpentering and carving as if he had served an apprenticeship to an upholsterer. In a free fight he could "whip his weight in wild cats," as the Yankees say, with a trifle thrown in. He had a cool head on his strong shoulders, and had, moreover, pronounced literary tastes and a genuine sympathy with literary talent. As a rule he was sober, even to strict temperance; his only weakness was swearing at large, and his profanity was merely meant to encourage his pet bullocks or to add an æsthetic embellishment to pleasant conversation. Lilly, with his self-respect and modest ambitions, was just the sort of person to have saved and got on. But even for Lilly custom and the social currents were too strong. When he took a holiday he went "shouting" with the rest; and had he not been overpersuaded to prudence by his former superintendent, he would have dropped penniless in harness and died a pauper.

But forty years ago the picturesqueness in that free bush-life had serious drawbacks. The well-mounted bush-ranger could play hide and seek with the police, in spite of the clever black trackers kept on the strength of the police establishment. He was here to-day and far away on the morrow. After some daring bank robbery, committed in broad daylight in some ill-guarded township, he would be found the next day ambushing in the scrub on the skirts of a distant high-road, bidding the stray travellers "bail up," and relieving them of pocket-books and valuables. Mr. Ferguson has much to say about a certain Mr. Marsden, who, we doubt not, is modelled upon an actual prototype. Marsden has the gloomy nobility of one of Byron's melodramatic heroes, the manners of a polished man of the world, and the wayward generosity of a Robin Hood. He is the flying highwayman of these trackless solitudes, and he easily transports himself from place to place, as he is in the habit of stealing the best horses in the colonies. We know not whether we are to take it as fiction or fact when Mr. Ferguson describes this daring cavalier making himself at home in the household of a wealthy squatter, and finally abducting that gentleman's beautiful heiress. In any case, and all things considered, the incident is quite conceivable. And in those times, in the lonely back settlements, the blacks were still a nuisance and a danger. Mr. Ferguson tells of a party, headed by two notorious black ruffians and criminals, making a descent upon outlying stations and huts, more from pure devilry than from any other reason. We are always inclined to sympathize with the aborigines, who see themselves ousted from their ancestral domains by white intruders. But such apparently gratuitous outrages were the best excuse for the ruthless reprisals in which the Australian whites indulged, and more especially in Northern Queensland. Mr. Ferguson appears to confirm what we have often heard, that not only the males, but the girls and the children, were shot down like the dingoes. We have said nothing as to the more familiar scenes he describes in the way of the everyday

business of shepherds, stockmen, and draymen. But they are all the better for being threaded on a continuous and exciting story, and each chapter in the book is extremely readable.

The seven Australian tales, by as many different hands, called *Coo-ee*, are extremely creditable to the ladies of the Antipodes. All are more or less clever; six out of the seven are really enjoyable, which is a very fair proportion; and one or two are delightful. As reflections of colonial life there is a refreshing novelty about them. The one that has pleased us the most is "The Bushman's Rest"; for it not only tells a very pretty love-story, but is specially characteristic of colonial society. A young Englishman of some position who threatened to become a habitual drunkard had been shipped by his friends to Australia, as a decent way of disposing of a nuisance. Strange to say, instead of going irremediably to the bad, he reforms, thanks to an attachment to a beautiful girl he has left behind him, whom he hopes to make his wife. She throws him over in the most heartless fashion, so he reverts to his earlier loves, and seeks consolation in the spirit-bottle. He takes up his quarters in "The Rest," a disreputable Bush tavern, where he drinks himself into a delirium tremens, and is in a fair way of being robbed, and possibly murdered; for "The Rest" is frequented by the worst company. Happily he finds a guardian angel in the guise of a charming "barmaid," who is a lady by birth and breeding; and how she stooped to serve in that pandemonium without soiling the snowy purity of her pinions the story explains. Necessarily she marries the twice-reclaimed tippler, and we can only trust for her sake that there will be no future relapse. "An Old-time Episode in Tasmania" is another pretty love-tale, with the scenes laid in the days when the most English-looking of the Australasian colonies had a singularly disreputable notoriety as Van Diemen's Land, and when domestic servants as well as the field hands were supplied almost entirely from the convict depôts. The hero and heroine of this particular episode were the victims of circumstances in place of being vicious, and had been transported for offences which were rather to their credit. But there is a pleasant touch, where the mistress of an establishment suggests to her brother, who is a superintendent of convicts, that he had better seek the new housekeeper among the young women sentenced for infanticide. Experience had proved them to be, on the whole, the most trustworthy and respectable. "Mrs. Drummond of Quondong," though rambling, is readable; the defect being that it leads up to a most futile dénouement, or rather to no dénouement at all. And Mrs. Campbell Praed contributes "The Bunyip," a powerfully written reminiscence of a bush experience of her own, and founded on a popular bush superstition which the whites in the back settlements seem to have borrowed from the Aborigines. The "Bunyip," as is well known, is a malignant monster, of stealthy habits and ferocious tastes, who has his lair among the reeds and water-weeds in sluggish back-currents and pestilential lagoons. There are dark pools in certain solitary spots which have a specially infamous notoriety; though, as a rule, when one victim has perished the blacks, who cherish the sinister tradition, seldom give the same Bunyip a second chance. Mrs. Campbell Praed did not actually see a Bunyip, but it was the opinion of some members of her party that they heard one; and the mystery of certain plaintive and soul-thrilling shrieks was never satisfactorily cleared up.

NOVELS.

THE AWAKENING of MARY FENWICK is a story of courtship after marriage, instead of before. An American heiress, who has proved an excellent daughter and a devoted sister, and has all the virtues under the sun, with a complete unconsciousness that her dollars form part of her attraction, marries a typical young English soldier with plenty of British reserve, and backbone, and love of sport, and all that makes up the species of human being known as "a good fellow." The engagement has been short and not very sweet, and we are introduced to the couple in the railway train, on their way to the best man's bachelor shooting-box, where they are to spend their honeymoon. Captain Fenwick has not much to say to his bride, and, after he has asked her a dozen times if she feels very cold, and has in vain tried to keep up the ball of conversation, a happy thought crosses his mind that he will give her his correspondence to read. Unfortunately he is a careless man, and by mistake gives her the wrong letter. This is a very vulgar epistle from his sister, who lives in India. The "nice things" which the bride is told she will find in the letter are a series of congratulations to Captain Fenwick on his luck in marrying for money, and avoiding the mistake of making a fool of himself with another "Mary," who was poor. This lady-like correspondent gives a message from her husband that "you are the first one of your name who has caught the ever-flying oof-bird," and adds herself that it is "no use wishing you happiness, that's sure to come with such a lining for the nest!" &c., &c., and many other sentences in that

* *The Awakening of Mary Fenwick.* By Beatrice Whitby. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1891.

The Cobbler of Corniferanum. By the Rev. A. N. Malan. London: Sampson Low and Co.

The Cobra Diamond. By Arthur Lillie. London: Ward & Downey.

An American Duchess. 3 vols. By W. Fraser Rae. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1891.

The Romance of a Spanish Nun. By Alice Montgomery Baldy. Philadelphia: T. P. Lippincott & Co. 1891.

style. This letter is a shock to the rich lady in question, and she feels it was adding insult to injury for her husband to have pressed her to read it. No opportunity for explanation occurs until after dinner that evening, when Captain Fenwick wants to know why his wife eat so little dinner, even refused the pineapple, and why she levelled sarcasms at him before the butler. Has she forgotten her vows about loving, honouring, and obeying? Then the storm bursts, and there is a scene, ending in a faint. The next meeting between the couple does not take place till the next morning, when Mrs. Fenwick, in the course of a little morning stroll of three or four miles, accidentally comes upon her husband in the horrible act of shooting golden plovers and rabbits. Reluctantly she submits to walking home with him, and then they come to an understanding as to the future. As this novel was written before the Clitheroe case took place, it does not occur to Mary Fenwick that she can leave her husband there and then and never set eyes on him again. No, by laws human and divine he assures her she must continue to bear his name and live under the same roof; but he doesn't want to be hard on her, she shall keep to her rooms and he will keep to his. They will meet at meals, and they will say "Good night" and "Good morning" to each other, and as soon as their honeymoon is over and they go to his home, she shall have her sister to live with her. This last concession makes her feel almost happy again, but still, under these conditions, the honeymoon is not very lively. He has the best of it, for he shoots or hunts all day, and she has no distractions beyond the flowers and the piano. The last evening of the honeymoon he is so indiscreet as to come to her sitting-room, Bradshaw in hand, to consult about trains. After they settle to start by the 11.55 he asks her to sing him a song of Browning's, but she keeps up her dignity, and represses any attempt at friendliness on his part by singing instead:—

Though you promised to protect her, though you promised to defend her,
You are welcome to neglect her, to the devil you may send her,
You may strike her, curse, abuse her, so declares our law renowned;
And if, after this, you lose her—why, you're paid two thousand pound.

After this Captain Fenwick coldly remarks he prefers Browning, and leaves her to herself. So the novel goes on. Of course after a very short time they are desperately in love with each other, but the book is a long one, and the reconciliation cannot take place till quite the end, or there would be nothing to go on with, so the happy moment has to be averted a good many times. But the reader knows it will come, and it does.

It is not fair to dress up an old familiar fairy-tale into English clothing and introduce it to us as a new acquaintance. We all know the Persian story of the poor man who left his cottage and travelled to Bagdad because he had been warned in a dream that he would there find a fortune. Being a rustic simpleton, he no sooner arrives in Bagdad than he gets involved in a street row, is made prisoner, and brought before the Cadi to be judged. With tears and sighs he exclaims that had he paid no attention to his dream he would still be safe at home, and he then proceeds to relate what his dream had been. The Cadi laughs, and says if all men were affected by such follies he too would have made a journey in obedience to a dream, for he had dreamt that if he pursued a certain road he would eventually come to a miserable hut, with a well beside it, and at the bottom of that well he would find a treasure. The poor man recognizes in the Cadi's tale a description of his own home. He, therefore, is no sooner released than he hurries back there, and sure enough finds his treasure at the bottom of the well, which but for his journey to Bagdad he would never have discovered. In *The Cobbler of Cornikeranium* the Rev. A. N. Malan has made a book of 307 pages out of this story. He has added to it a fox-hunting squire and a poor parson, who have nothing much to do with the cobbler's good fortune, and the details of the story have been altered. In the place of the Cadi, the fellow-dreamer is a man in a blue smock, who drives rams over London Bridge; and when the treasure is found the cobbler magnanimously sends him fifty out of his thousand golden guineas. To obviate legal difficulties concerning "treasure-trove" a convenient parchment is discovered in the chest, whereon is stated that the original owner of the money bequeaths to the finder of it the whole sum minus five hundred guineas, which are to be given to the then resident parson of the parish. This good man happens to be seriously in want of some such windfall, as he has a balance against him at his bankers' of 100*l.*, and does not know how to make good the sum. In commenting on the miraculous good luck of this coincidence, the author says that it is not more wonderful than that "the world should day after day perform its orbit with such minute accuracy that its yearly journey should occupy three hundred and sixty-five days, six hours, and nine minutes! No more wonderful than that the butterfly should break from its chrysalis winding-sheet at the moment when its glorified perfection is ready to be revealed," &c. If not more wonderful, there are doubtless many poor clergymen who wish that Parson Fullbrook's good luck might equally in their own case fall within the class of things predictable by Science.

We wish very much that the author of *Stage Land* would write a similar work on "Novel Land." The typical hero, heroine, and villain of the ordinary three-volume novel would furnish him with quite as much material for humorous satire as those types on the stage of the Adelphi. Novel law is very nearly as mysterious and incomprehensible a thing as stage law. Novel dialogue is more surprising than stage dialogue, and in addition to all the absurdities of dialogue are added in a novel the absurdities of description. All the characters in *The Cobra Diamond* are

sublimely destitute of any resemblance to human nature, and the code of morality which governs their actions is such a strange one that it is difficult to discern which are the good and which are the bad people in the book. The construction of the plot is also very remarkable. We are led up to a very complicated situation; we see no way out of it to right or left; we cannot imagine how it is to be carried through. No more does our author; so he ends the chapter, and begins the next some months hence, with the difficult situation left far behind, and no hint to help the wondering reader to guess how it was got over. The heroine is a paragon of virtue, beauty, intellect (she shows this by quoting irrelevantly from Browning and Victor Hugo), wit, passion, tenderness, and what not. In one scene, after she has nearly driven her lover distracted by her coldness and caprice, she bewitches him by saying, "Come and flirt." Of the actual plot it is impossible to give any outline, it is far too complicated and incomprehensible. It is based on magic, and the Cobra Diamond is at the bottom of all that happens. This famous stone is the Ahi Hirā of the Hindoos, the slave of Jagannātha, who is lord of the real as distinguished from the ideal world. The owner of it may obtain any wish he utters for any substantial good, such as rank, wealth, success, &c. This sounds very delightful; but it is only a snare and a trap, for the powers of the Cobra Diamond are so limited that it cannot give without also taking away, in which respect it reminds us of other disappointing talismans (as some say). Our hero wishes to be a peer of England, and he becomes one only at the expense of his father being murdered so that he may inherit the title. He wishes to become rich, and immediately his best friends ruin themselves. He wishes to marry Lady Gwendoline (who says, "Come and flirt"), and her mother promptly makes her throw over another man and pushes her into his arms. She says she is a victim and will do as she is bid, but she hates him. Then he wishes for her love, and he only gets it at the price of being taken up for the murder of his father. Several nights at Holloway Gaol and one night in the infirmary at Newgate, where he sleeps in the same room with a man condemned to be hanged, drive him to wish again, though he begins to feel that his diamond doesn't play fair. No sooner is he released than an innocent girl is taken up instead. Then his adored Lady Gwendoline is made to appear the murderess, and then there is a hopeless jumble of mysticism, ending in the exposure of the wily Asiatic, whose astral body is discovered on the point of committing a perfectly useless murder on a sociable old lady with nerves and a pet dog. Finally the heroine, just as she is being taken up, commits an act of superb self-sacrifice—though what it is we don't quite know—the power of the diamond is broken, everybody sees a vision which proves her innocence and satisfies the legal authorities, and then she marries another man, and the poor hero is left, feeling no doubt as great a fool as he looks.

There is no sort of plot in *An American Duchess* and no love-story either, for we can hardly think this specimen of an American's way of proposing has anything to do with that passion. She begs him to admire the view. "It is most beautiful, Miss Roker," he said; and then, almost without knowing what he said, he added, "Will you be my wife?" "Oh, Mr. Wentworth! you have startled me. Are you really asking me to marry you?" "That is my intention; if I have not expressed myself delicately enough I must ask your forgiveness." The good easy man who makes this very romantic and impassioned declaration of affection is one of New England's most shining lights. Not a "smart man," because he has some of the eccentricities of a *littérateur*, and is honest in business transactions, being unwilling to sacrifice all principle and morality for the sake of making "a pile." He has written an unpublished work on "The Problem of Existence," which may account for many oddities. We are inclined to think that the author of this novel must have been asked by English friends to write them something about America, and by American friends to write them something about England. We hope the latter will be gratified by the assurance repeatedly given that a Duke does not differ in any essential degree from other human beings, though he is apt to be less well educated, and that they will be interested with Captain Roker's election and Parliamentary speeches, which fill most of the second volume. The third volume is devoted to a tour through America, four or five towns being as elaborately described in it as in Murray's guide-books.

The Romance of a Spanish Nun is not a very exciting or a very original story. The *dramatis persone* consist of good old conventional types, and the story reads like an old familiar friend. The scene is laid in Seville, but the local colouring is not of a very vivid description, and the style of the novel is not improved by the effect which the authoress aims at producing of a translation from the Spanish. The typical artist—a sculptor—gets a pretty and virtuous young girl to sit to him for the head of his most successful statue. The typical poet—poor, with ideal aspirations, a faith in love and not much faith in religion—falls in love with her. The typical Roman Catholic priest, who thirsts for power, exerts his influence over her, and persuades her to enter a convent. Her lover, who has been making a fortune for her in distant lands, returns on the day she takes the veil, and finds her home desolate, while the priest reveals the old Adam within him by making love to her in the chapel of the convent. The poet survives to become a statesman and marry the widow of his patron. The priest also becomes a famous orator, and these two confront each other on the world's stage as deadly foes, while the nun continues in her convent and prays for both.

STABLE BUILDING AND STABLE FITTING.*

A BOOK written for advertisement purposes, as obviously as is Sutton's seed list or any other tradesman's catalogue, should, like those admirable publications, be as intelligible as possible to prospective customers; it would have been well therefore had Mr. Byng Giraud followed the catalogue system of properly interleaving plates with letterpress. Few readers care to keep turning over pages in search of the diagrams and designs to which reference is made. Though not at all concerned to help Mr. Giraud in his business, we can give him one hint which may lessen expense in his construction of hunting stables. He says:—"Where special provision is made for washing, as in the case of hunters, the washing-room should adjoin the saddle-room, or form part of an ante to the stable, into which the saddle-room may be made to open"; but as it is far better never to wash hunters at all, the omission from the plan, of a room for that purpose may serve to lighten the architect's bill. There are few matters on which practice varies more materially in different stables than in their comparative warmth or coolness; but Mr. Giraud appears to take a line of his own which should make him famous on the question, for when speaking of drainage and ventilation he states that, since "food supplies in a measure the absence of warmth, a horse which is kept in a stable sufficiently near to the temperature of his own body will eat less, with the same beneficial result, than one which is in a cold stable." Are we to understand from this sentence that we are to heat our stables nearly or quite up to 100° Fahrenheit, or if not, what does he mean? He is probably right in advising that, "if the site allows it," the grooms' apartments should not be over the horses, and no one will dispute that the hay-loft should not be so placed; but who ever dreamt of the open staircases to such rooms "exposing dwellers constantly passing up and down to possible contagion from a glandered horse"? Can he really be under the impression that every stable of importance as a rule contains a case or two of this awful disease? The directions and advice about building and fitting are doubtless, for the most part, sound and useful enough in their way, though couched in too technical language to be readily understood by ordinary readers, or indeed by any but architects and builders, who would probably prefer their own plans and ideas to those of Mr. Giraud.

MR. GEORGE MOORE'S "IMPRESSIONS AND OPINIONS." †

THIS volume of reprinted essays, some of which are considerably retouched or enlarged, falls naturally into two divisions. The first comprises articles on Balzac, Turgeneff, Zola, Verlaine, and "Two Unknown Poets." The second section deals with the stage and dramatists, painting and painters; and it is in treating of these congenial subjects that Mr. George Moore enforces the self-confidence that must ever attend the enunciation of "views" by shrewd and caustic illustration of his conviction that the conventional in art is the abominable thing. Mr. Moore, in fact, is both instructive and entertaining when he reminds an ungrateful public of his benefits. It was I, he argues, "who introduced that adorable poet, Paul Verlaine"—I who now tell the strange sad stories of the Two Unknown, the not less adorable Arthur Rimbaud and Jules Laforgue. Then there is M. Antoine, with his *Théâtre Libre*, to be added to the bill of indebtedness. Are those services to British art to fall flat? Is not the name of the neglected, the unutterable Verlaine something wherewith to conjure, good as that of Ibsen for the strife of factions? These be problems that may well arouse apprehension. Still more interesting is the problem of an English *Théâtre Libre*, of which Mr. Moore is an ingenious advocate. So clever and engaging is his appeal to the not-impossible capitalist, that his advocacy of the scheme demands consideration, apart from its mere ingenuity. But it must be owned that Mr. Moore's attitude towards the dramatist who gets command of the stage is too like his relation to the popular actor to promise a successful solution. In his amusing paper "Mummer Worship" he delivers himself thus:—"An actor is one who repeats a portion of a story invented by another." This definition is equivalent to saying that acting, as now understood, is simply recitation. Then, again, in the incisive and truly recreative article on "Our Dramatists and their Literature," he summarizes the action of one of Mr. Pinero's dramas, and observes, with a touch of scorn, "This is the story of a play which London has been going to see for nearly two years." Now is this criticism? Mr. Moore would not think of making a bald paraphrase from Greene or Lodge, or from Shakespeare direct, and then proceed to regard the Shakspearian drama with pitying superiority. And, criticism or not, it is scarcely conciliatory in the advocate of an English *Théâtre Libre*, who proposes to ensure the success of his enterprise by negotiating with these same dramatists.

There is, we think, ample room and good prospects of success for some enterprise of the kind Mr. Moore has at heart, though at the same time his pet scheme must be greatly modified. It will not do to follow in the steps of M. Antoine. To benefit dramatic art the Free Theatre must be free in fact as well as in name. It

* *Stable Building and Stable Fitting*. By Byng Giraud, Architect. London: B. T. Batford.

† *Impressions and Opinions*. By George Moore. London: David Nutt. 1891.

must not be given over to Ibsenism, or any other "ism," still less must it be a theatre of demonstration for the theorists of *l'école du laid*. Unfortunately, there is some fear that such a fate as this awaits the scheme. The fear is cold upon us as we reflect upon this programme, tentative though it be, which is the best that Mr. Moore can at present indicate. It is surprising, by the way, that a writer who has dealt so admirably in the article on the "Salon Julian" with the detestable influence of French studies on English painting should have little better to suggest for our Free Theatre than French adaptations. He hints, it is true, at the propriety of applying to Mr. Hardy and Mr. George Meredith. Yet it is significant that, having determined that it would be well to "apply to all the novelists," Mr. Moore should unkindly observe, in justification of this generous resolve, "Gold is found in the most unexpected places." Perhaps this is Mr. Moore's way of putting the novelists on their mettle. Then he would approach Mr. Grundy and Mr. Pinero and ask of them contributions of a kind they never have produced, and probably only can produce in a certain non-natural way. None of your plays, Mr. Moore implores, that all London runs after for the space of two years; but something far different is what is wanted—something that lies deep in your artistic souls awaiting deliverance from the oppressive laws of convention—and, perhaps, the demoralizing force of success. Mr. Pinero might reasonably object to experimentalize in this fashion merely in response to Mr. Moore's discontent with his dramatic labours. A Free Theatre cannot be expected to thrive upon plays whose chief merit must be that they are produced by artificial stimulus, and licensed, if licensed they be, with difficulty. We have been so beguiled by this interesting question that we have little space to devote to the more considerable of the remaining essays in Mr. Moore's volume. In that on Balzac certain contentious points are suggested that would require for full examination something not far short of the space allotted to the article. Mr. Moore's critical estimate, so far as it is comparative, of the short story according to Balzac is one with which most judges are probably in accord. We cannot profess to apprehend the divine inwardness of Mr. Moore's definition of criticism as "the story of the critic's soul." Here, perhaps, the writer lays himself open to the charge of obscurity, to which, to do him justice, he is by no means prone. The four concluding essays, which treat of art and artists, are all excellent. That on Degas comprises many true and shrewd critical touches; and those on the Salon and the National Gallery are tracts for the times that deal with questions of importance, questions that interest the whole body artistic, in a spirit that is eminently practical and critical.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

M. GASTON BOISSIER almost, if not quite, attains to the height of the very best of those terribly few writers who keep alive the sacred lamp of academic French prose and shelter it from the gusts of naturalism and decadence, and symbolism, and Heaven knows what else. He is also an accomplished scholar in classical, especially Latin literature, and an observer of the happy mean between clericalism on the one hand, and *ni-dieu-ni-maitreism* on the other. All these good gifts should have qualified him to write a very good history of the decline and fall of Paganism (1); and they have. Beside the magnificent march of Gibbon his step may seem but an amble; beside M. Renan, picking his way delicately through enamelled meads of phrase, he may seem but a decently dressed traveller faring along a tolerably hard high road. But he has avoided Gibbon's defects if he has not (who has?) equalled his merits; and there is a manliness about his sense and his style and his logic which is very much to seek in the least rugged, if not the least obstinate, of Bretons. We may commend an appendix on the infinitely vexed subject of the persecutions of the early Church as a very favourable example of sane and sensible treatment. Beginning with the conversion of Constantine, he ends with the "irruption of the barbarians"—it is delightful to come across a man who is actually content to accept old facts, and does not insist that we shall change them for new fictions. In making his survey M. Boissier takes occasion to digress pleasantly on many things, especially on Latin Christian poetry, which is a pet subject with him, and which, especially in the case of Prudentius, he handles admirably. He also pays great attention to the question of education. In short, there is a very great deal in the book that is either interesting or valuable or both; and it is excellently written.

We do not agree with Count Goblet d'Alviella's views of religion, or of the history of religion; but he is, from the purely scientific point of view, a sufficiently sane inquirer, and there is little danger of seeing him fall a victim to those peculiar "symbolic" crazes which have beset some other inquirers into similar subjects, and which have obtained for their works high prices at sales and locked cases in libraries. M. Goblet d'Alviella (who, by the way, is going to deliver the Hibbert Lectures this year) in this treatise (2) ranges among three-legged things like that of man, trees, serpents, crosses of all kinds, discs, horns, sacred cones and

(1) *La fin du paganisme*. Par Gaston Boissier. Deux tomes. Paris: Hachette.

(2) *La migration des symboles*. Par le Comte Goblet d'Alviella. Paris: Leroux.

pineapples, double-headed hammers, and what not; and keeps, on the whole, a level head respecting them. And that is saying something.

M. Belhache's treatise on thought (3) distinguishes itself by the extreme clearness of its arrangement and phraseology, and by an excellent analytical index. Like most modern philosophy, the book is to a great extent a critical survey of others' opinions; but it is satisfactory to see that the author's own are uncompromisingly anti-materialist.

The orators and tribunes (4) of whom M. du Bled writes are those of the first Revolution. Of Mirabeau, Robespierre, and some others he says little, though he gives a good space to Danton. But on men like Cazalès and d'Espreménail, like Barnave and Guadet, many interesting things, will be found here. It is agreeable to find that M. du Bled goes the entire length of Macaulay as to Barère. Certainly no one ever found an executioner more exactly suited to his deserts than the Gascon liar did in that perfervid wielder of the tar-brush. The book is rather desultory, but decidedly amusing.

M. de Broc has followed up his two volumes on France under the Ancien Régime with two more on France under the Revolution (5). It is difficult to say that there shall be no more books on that subject; it is not even very easy to write one with any knowledge that shall not contain something useful; but it is very difficult indeed to write one in a manner which tempts the reader. M. de Broc has tried to confer, and has not wholly failed in conferring, a certain individuality upon his own attempt by taking detached aspects or incident-groups and dealing with them—the prisons, trials, executions, and so forth, the Bastille, the state of Paris, the condition of the towns and country districts, &c. He has a great many statistics, some interesting anecdotes, perhaps (we are not sure) an unpublished document or two. But it is a misfortune for him that he comes so soon after M. Taine.

Among educational books we have before us four volumes of Messrs. Percival's very useful *Modern French Series* (6)—a selection from Admiral Jurien de la Gravière's *Guerres maritimes*, Vigny's *Stello*, a very lively and pleasant original account of a tour in Normandy on a safety bicycle—bicyclette, they call it in French, it seems (a fact of which, possessing some knowledge, we do not mind confessing that we were ignorant before)—and a good collection of "unseens." Messrs. Hachette send a selection from Hector Malot's *Romain Kalbris* (7), and a Pronunciation book (8), which, we regret to say, has some of the usual faults of its kind. M. Federer says that the French *ou* has the sound of the English *oo* in "hood," the French *oui* that of the English *ui* in *ruin*. Two more of the excellent little drawing manuals (9) of the Librairie de l'Art lie before us.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

NOT ill-suited to a romantic narrative is the air of remoteness, or veiling of mystery, that is, to some extent, the note of an *Autobiography of Marcello*, "edited by his friend MacIain" (Dumfries: Anderson & Son; Edinburgh: Menzies). In these very personal days, when memoirs are apt to be tediously minute and literal, there may be some readers of this interesting little book who will feel impatience to find that the companions of Marcello figure in disguise like heroes of melodrama. 'Tis more than fifty years since, and who was "Romano"? they will ask, and who "Norde"? And who was the mysterious "Toscano," whose share in this strange, eventful history is so suggestive of those high, inscrutable personages portrayed in the romances of Mrs. Radcliffe or the juvenile Shelley? But these matters, though not hid from the discerning, only add, as has been hinted, a piquancy to the story which the Roman patriot recited to his friend, the present editor, in his own beautiful language, shortly after the defeat of the Papal troops in the wild Umbrian country, at the Sasso del Capucino. To this account of an adventurous career the editor has added certain of his own recollections of Italy fifty years ago, with three etchings, by way of illustration, after drawings made at that time. In some ways this book is curiously tantalizing. We are told little or nothing of Marcello's experience in the Italian contingent of Napoleon's army during the Russian campaign, or of his action in the Greek war of independence, though these themes, it might be thought, would have naturally produced recollections as romantic as the story of the rescue from a ruffianly band of Turks of the beautiful Anna Comnena, who became "mia sposa amata," or that final dramatic scene that describes the fate of the unhappy "Toscano." But we do not propose, nor would it be fair, to quote the literal text; firstly, because the book is but a little book; and,

secondly, because the profit from its sale is to be carried to the funds of the Dumfries and Galloway Royal Infirmary. Thus may a curious public satisfy itself and benefit what is doubtless a deserving institution.

The *Greenleeks Papers*, "edited by the Rev. Titus Tiptaff" (Dent & Co.), is a book fashioned deliberately and of set purpose after *Sartor Resartus*, and reveals at all points a very flattering admiration of the writings of Carlyle. The manner and method of the book are perfectly serious. Christopher Greenleeks, a briefless barrister, in his lofty Temple chambers "alone with the stars," discourses of true men and quacks in politics, literature, and so forth, to an editorial accompaniment of praise or of the politest form of dissent. For his text Greenleeks will draw on Carlyle for choice, though Gibbon and Burton and Sir Thomas Browne serve him well enough for a change. Having abstracted a passage from Carlyle, paraphrased it, reproduced as new, beaten it out to the utmost tenuity that tautology will bear, then Tiptaff, honest Tiptaff, intervenes, and shows how delightfully in accord are those great men, Greenleeks and Carlyle. Let us exemplify the method. "Men," says Greenleeks, "is not a mere felicity machine, and was not intended to be such. God made obstacles, and fixed them between us and happiness that we might find more happiness—perhaps blessedness . . . But, O, blockhead, the worst of all obstacles is—thyself!" And here the conscious-smitten Tiptaff is disburdened in a note:—"In *Sartor Resartus* it is said—'There is in man a higher than the love of happiness; he can do without happiness, and instead thereof find blessedness';—but I don't think that Greenleeks is guilty of plagiarism." Perhaps not, O Tiptaff! But "the ordinary mortal who goes about in ordinary trousers does not see this great truth, and take it to his cotton- or wool-enswathed heart." The method of Greenleeks is not altogether happy. That a writer who shows at times that he has something to say, and knows how to say it with a certain amount of cleverness, should devise a book so affected and pretentious is somewhat odd.

The county of Sutherland is no longer unexplored by the Southron, as it was when Mr. Charles St. John published *A Sportsman and Naturalist's Tour in Sutherland* (Simpkin & Co.; Glasgow: Morison), a popular edition of which has just appeared. This delightful book should be studied by every summer visitor to the wild north-western sea-coast and district of the county. It is five-and-forty years since Mr. St. John compiled the pleasant calendar of field notes. There must needs be many changes to be noted of the bird-life, the wild aspects of nature, the inhabitants, and other matters so graphically treated in this volume. But there is no more agreeable enterprise for the tourist in Great Britain than to follow the routes indicated by Mr. St. John, not omitting to take note of those favourite inns that yet remain. It is curious, by the way, that Mr. St. John, referring to his sojourn at Scowrie, writes of the innkeeper there as "a man of a most un-Highland name—namely, 'Tough.'" But does not the redoubtable Dalgetty tell a story of second-sight concerning one "Donald Tough, a Lochaber man"?

Mr. J. H. Anderson's *History of the Reign of George III.* (Longmans & Co.) is an historical abstract based on the leading authorities, designed for "general and examination purposes." It is illustrated by some small maps and by some very useful plans of battlefields and siege operations. The chief events of the period are detailed in chronological order, with brief explanatory notes, under various sectional headings, such as "Foreign Affairs," "Social Affairs," "Peninsular War," "Indian Affairs." As a key, or synopsis, the book is likely to be found serviceable by examiners; for the plan is good, if not altogether free from error. For it is manifest that all merely controversial statements should be excluded from such a book. And clear and relevant as Mr. Anderson's comments generally are, exceptions to this rule, due perhaps to the need for brevity, might be cited. At p. 63 we read, "Napoleon stated that he should declare war unless we evacuated Malta, and insulted our Ambassador." In a summary dealing with Pitt's character it is amusing rather than edifying to find, "It was he that made the premier's position so great; but we must count against him his drunkenness, his failure to abolish the slave trade (which Fox did at once)," &c.

Crude sensation still characterizes much of our minor fiction. *The Weird of Deadly Hollow*, by Bertram Mitford (Sutton, Drowley, & Co.), is a tale of Cape Colony that might have proved even more blood-curdling than it is, if it did not so frequently lapse into a riotous treatment of matters revolting and ghastly. The descriptive scenes are well done. There are "night-pieces," for example, that are really imposing. But novelists should know that they may do a murder more effectively in a single line or so, as Dickens proved, than by revelling in pages of disgusting details.

The Type-written Letter, by R. H. Sherard (Trischler & Co.), is simply puerile. A lady is tried for murder, convicted on no sort of evidence, and upon being sentenced, thanks the judge, and, turning to the jury, observes, with admirable tact, "*Quels imbéciles!*" But whether the judge, or the counsel, or the witnesses, or any other person in the story, should be accounted more idiotic than the jury it is impossible to say.

Mr. W. E. Chadwick's "north-country story," *Thornleigh House* (Sutton, Drowley, & Co.), deals with that very uncommon form of retribution which afflicts the sufferer but temporarily, and leads to his ultimate advantage. The story is told with refreshing sobriety of tone, and is altogether of an unexciting character.

(3) *La pensée et le principe pensant.* Par E. Belhache. Paris: Perrin.

(4) *Orateurs et tribuns.* Par Victor du Bled. Paris: Calmann Lévy.

(5) *La France pendant la Révolution.* Par le Vicomte de Broc. Deux tomes. Paris: Plon.

(6) *Modern French Series—Guerres maritimes.* Edited by W. S. Lyon. *Six semaines en vélocipède.* Par S. E. Bally. *Unseen Translation.* By H. C. Steel. *Stello.* Edited by P. Desages and H. C. Steel. London: Percival & Co.

(7) *Sur mer.* Edited by H. Testard. London: Hachette.

(8) *Public School Guide to French Pronunciation.* By C. A. Federer. London: Hachette.

(9) *Bibliothèque populaire des écoles de dessin: le lavas et l'aquarelle.* Par G. Gérard. *Eléments de botanique ornementale.* Par A. Keller. Paris: Librairie de l'Art.

Among recent new editions we have to note *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, by the Rev. J. W. Burgon (John Murray); *The Human Tragedy*, by Alfred Austin, fourth edition (Macmillan & Co.); *The Lances of Lynwood*, by Miss Yonge (Macmillan & Co.); *Kirsteen*, by Mrs. Oliphant, one-volume edition (Macmillan & Co.); *A Manual of Political Questions*, by Sydney Buxton, M.P. (Cassell & Co.); and *Fortunes Made in Business*, edited by James Hogg (Griffith, Farran, & Co.).

We have also received *The Medical Register for 1891* (Spottiswoode & Co.); *The Dentists' Register for 1891* (Spottiswoode & Co.); and *The Colonial Office List for 1891* (Harrison & Sons), compiled from official records by Messrs. John Anderson and Sidney Webb, and illustrated by excellent maps.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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RADLEY COLLEGE.—JUNIOR SCHOLARSHIPS. There will be an ELECTION to FOUR SCHOLARSHIPS (two of £50, one of £40, and one of £30) on Friday, July 17, 1891. Open to boys under the age of fourteen on January 1, 1891.—For further information apply to the Rev. the WARDEN, Radley College, Abingdon.

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